Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Morbid Silver Lining

PUBLIC-SPIRITED individuals have been fulminating against the kind of movies represented by *Frankenstein* and — most recently observed by this Hollywood unenthusiast — *The Mummy*. It seems that horror, like unpunished crime and disrespect for the flag, is unfit for contemplation, particularly by the young. But it also seems that such movies are practically the only happy development of late years in the industry; ecstatically terror-stricken people jam the halls where they are shown; producers rack their brains for new plots to satisfy the demand. Which is so ordinary a concomitant of viewing with indignation that it would not be worth remark except for another matter.

This is the decline of admonitions from high places to the effect that what we need is confidence. I mean admonitions unrelated to facts. We still need confidence, of course, in moderation and suitably applied; but there are not so many people urging us to snatch it out of thin air. We are rather told to attend to such matters as the War debts and balancing the budget, on the theory that confidence will return when they are settled, and with confidence better times. This lull in the pæans of Pollyannaism has a connection, I think, with the movies mentioned above, and in future depressions recognition of that connection may be useful.

When the several proponents of unqualified optimism were issuing statements wholesale, they were undoubtedly acting with the public weal in mind, and it is conceivable that, if their advice had been taken without the barrels of salt which generally accompanied it, some measure of good might have resulted. But no one was in the mood for such cheeriness. A decade of success stories in the magazines, spoken yarns concerning bootblacks who made millions in Wall Street — the whole inflammable atmosphere of pep, progress and prosperity — had blown up in October, 1929, and change was in order. New fictions were needed, and trusting in big business and the destiny of America seemed like an old wives' tale. Yet that was all the leaders offered.

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The psychological historian will undoubtedly write some day in technical fashion the mental phases of the last three and a half years, but most of us remember well enough a few roughly classified ones: the unreality at first, when every one had heard that there was a depression but few felt it personally; then the sudden knowledge, resulting from a pay cut, a dismissal, or a passed dividend, that the thing was really going to affect *us*. The third phase (still going on) was when we began to magnify our troubles, to use our own imaginations. "Maybe you think *you've* had a tough time, but listen to *my* story. . . ." That was the catchphrase, comparable with "What's Radio doing today?" in 1929.

Just when this wide-spread urge toward melancholy legends set in is hard to remember. But it could not have been much later than the beginning of 1931. In April of that year William Faulkner published *Sanctuary*, and partly as a result of the developing dismalism became for the first time a best seller. The "Cult of Cruelty" waxed rapidly thereafter: so soon as 1932 it was given attention in literary periodicals. Similarly a great boom in contract bridge occurred during these years. Then out from the cynics' quiet places emerged the jig-saw puzzle craze. That these last two manifestations are not merely normal American fads, like Mah Jongg and Tom Thumb golf, can be easily deduced from their far greater difficulty and inanity than anything that had appeared before, and the fact that they deal in numbers of almost incredible magnitude — a natural nostalgia for 1929 probably. Outwardly intelligent people have been seen gravely attempting to piece together jig-saw puzzles of more than a thousand dizzy fragments.

Doubtless there are other phenomena of this sort — all representing the people's suppressed desire to feel the worst, if only vicariously. These examples are sufficient: they run the gamut from simple eye-strain and backache to deliberate self-exposure to nightmares or worried sleeplessness. All, I venture, must be the result of our leaders' refusal to recognize the new trend in imagination and their insistence on sticking to the old Second Decade formula for satisfying the people's romantic yearnings.

IMAGINE — with the adaptability of hard times — that the October crash had been greeted with another kind of announcement from on high. Suppose that in November, instead of a promise that the momentary reaction would be over within sixty days, we had received assurance that an unprecedented, disastrous, horror-inspiring depression had just begun, and, from all our big business men and bankers could see, was likely to last well on into the Twenty-First Century. Suppose it had been predicted that within sixty days no bank in the country would be open, that there would be twenty-five millions unemployed, that the Government would fall so deeply into debt that Washington would have to close down all its schools of advanced oratory and postgraduate bureaucracy. Suppose the rulers, with gloomy visages, had said: "The price system has failed utterly in our

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hands; politicians are absolutely incapable of controlling the complex mechanism of modern life; business men are no better. We all give up."

What would have happened? I am inclined to think that one long incredulous hoot of laughter would have gone up all over the country. And when the mighty had answered that with still direr prophecies, it would have been repeated with relish, the process continuing in diminuendo throughout the period comparable with our first depression phase. Then when salary cuts, passed dividends and dismissals opened up the second phase, every one would have come to with a start, recollected the forebodings of his leaders and set about analyzing them. Evidently, it would have seemed to him, the forebodings had some basis after all, but why should such a *sudden* catastrophe happen? Something must indeed have been wrong.

Right there, I have a wistful hope, they would have consulted the economists. Perhaps their political rulers would have advised it, having admitted helplessness themselves; perhaps their curiosity would have taken them unbidden to the experts. And in that there would have been a vital psychological benefit. Economists have not been exactly silent during these years, but their words were unsolicited in the main, and earned the natural reception of gratuitous advice. If the people had gone to them and asked their opinion, the words might have been fewer, better considered and far more widely heeded. And there was fairly concerted agreement among them on most of the immediate major questions: international debts, tariffs, banking, the need for expanded purchasing power, corporate follies, speculation, the farm problem.

Probably the recent Senate investigation of banks would have occurred in 1930, and we might now have had the strong, unified banking system which we need. Capital structures of all kinds would have been examined and alterations made where they are still needed. Adjustments would have been made in tariffs and international debts, so as to check the progressive strangulation of foreign trade. Perhaps the desired confidence would have appeared as a result of knowledge of the problems and the consequent opportunity to work toward their solution.

But the second phase and the beginning of the third, as they were, included fresh assurances that nothing much was wrong, which tended to discourage private investigation except by more or less professional economists. Mass contemplation of the worst was confined to personal troubles, the horror movies and other distressing trivialities. It was not until late 1932 that a gentleman of dynamic imagination in the use of statistics set forth the situation (as he saw it) in such dramatic terms that the masses gave it their attention.

Whether that had anything to do with the fact that our leaders seem finally to be coming to grips with essential problems is debatable, of course, but there is at least a chronological argument in the affirmative. Certainly the picture Mr. Scott painted was thought to be black enough, and equally certainly people were more interested in it than they ever had been in admonitions to be confident.

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It is perfectly true that few persons foresaw how terrible the depression would be — probably true that unforeseeable events during the depression magnified it during its course. But within a very few months after the market crash in 1929 it was plainly apparent that *something* was wrong. There were economists in the country who had been predicting for a long time before that that many of our most popular policies and practices would end in trouble. Consequently reason existed for head-shaking and dire prophecy, if only on the grounds that people who expect the worst are never disappointed. What was done instead was to hold up before the populace a disembodied silver lining, while denying the dark cloud which surrounded it.

At any rate, there is a lull in the pæans of Pollyannaism. There is also a general fascination for the morbid. Something good should surely result.

W. A. D.

Peace

By Sonia Ruthèle Novák

However may unrest monopolize
The melody, peace is an overtone
That can not be surmounted. Pain may moan
The poignant motif of existence; rise
As may the clashing chords in passion's guise;
Increasingly above them and alone,
Peace dominates. What hungry ear has known
A sound more sweet than sound when sounding dies?

Peace is an overtone in which all calm
Is centred. Man may struggle with the scales
Of his own being, but to seek the balm
Of its compassion when his tempo fails
The mounting clamor of his lot. Its psalm
Of stillness tempers, silences and veils.

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Englishmen Look at America

By R. A. Scott-James

The very difficulties holding these two peoples apart contribute to a better understanding

We Londoners missed them more than we should have supposed last summer — those vivacious, talkative, energetic, curious visitors from overseas. We had often been critical of them in the past, in a light easy-going way. But this time, when they were so conspicuously absent, we experienced a sense of loss, realizing that the splash of color which they brought into the London scheme in July and August was indispensable to the plan of the year; the perspective was wrong without them.

When I say we missed them, I am not thinking of the United States dollars they might have exchanged for pounds — though doubtless those also were welcome enough. I am speaking of the persons themselves. These bright visitors from the United States were wont to come when London was needing them most. The "Season" would be nearly over; Parliament would be at the last gasp of its Session; business men would be thinking of holidays, and wives, nursemaids and children already on their way to the sea. August would seem to be descending, drab, sultry, meagre, upon those millions who continue to live in the metropolis when it is said to be "empty"; and lo! precisely at the psychological moment the situation would be saved by the shining arrival of our transatlantic visitors.

We remember, now, how in other years we used to greet New York, Philadelphia and Chicago in the streets of London; and that we were glad to meet Ohio, Kentucky and Oklahoma on the top of an omnibus, and to make contact with the Pacific seaboard in the ozone-like atmosphere of our electric subways. But where, this year, were those business men in light gray suits and straw hats with their air of tolerant possessiveness who used to be seen in the neighborhood of our best hotels? Where were those fair things so exquisitely clad in the smartest of smart creations straight from Paris, which made one wonder whether all American women were *always* so wonderfully dressed, or whether it was only that these garments had to be worn once before the ordeal of the New York customs? Those unwearying questers after public monuments, those athletic college youths, those gay flocks of maidens asking and

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finding their way everywhere, migrants pausing here for a brief moment of experience before flying on to sip elsewhere — once familiar, if half-alien, visitants who, at London's drabbest moments, brought color and gusto! Where are they now, and what teeming cities do they inhabit?

Yes, for one reason and another, Englishmen have thought much about Americans for as many years as any young American can remember. I am not thinking of the Englishmen who have been over in the United States, and in the course of a visit or two have learned so much that there is nothing they can not tell Americans about their own country; but of those who, never having been there, none the less have pictures in their minds of the Statue of Liberty, skyscrapers, Ford's factories, Hollywood, grain-laden prairies, dollar multi-millionaires and speakeasies, and have a shrewd suspicion that Presidential elections take place once every four years, and that, while they are in progress, foreign diplomats had better watch their steps.

Obviously, this Englishman's picture of the United States is a mixed one, containing innumerable elements, some of which appear to contradict one another. But all pictures are like that. This one has quite definite characteristics at any given moment, though it has been changing from time to time. The popular idea of America is not quite the same today as it was two or three years ago. The post-War picture at any time has been very different from that of the pre-War period, and if one could go back to the Nineteenth Century picture, he would find something utterly different. Some of our grandparents, I believe, imagined America as a country of strong, simple, earnest souls who had all been born in log cabins, like Abraham Lincoln; others were dominated by the Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe description, or by Walt Whitman, or by Mark Twain; and a few by the Dickens parody. This is only to say that the average Victorian Englishman had not really placed the United States at all in his ethnographical world picture; it was still a vague space on the map where the pioneer and the Red Indian *had been*, and something new and growing undoubtedly *was* — but just what, was still vague, futuristic and ill-considered.

That picture was being filled in far more definitely and precisely in the thirteen or fourteen years before the War. One might get the impression that at one stroke, somewhere about the year 1900, the whole scene had been transformed. The imagination which had conceived rolling prairies and log cabins now substituted, and as if by a magic touch of Aladdin's lamp, vast cities, factories churning out products for insatiable consumers, skyscrapers blotting out the light of heaven, sky-signs illuminating the streets, Wall Street engaged in "frenzied finance," newspapers with incredible headlines — in a word, an industrial community rushing on at a headlong pace into hitherto unheard of extremities of mechanized activity. (The prairies, which had once filled the picture, seemed to have been forgotten, and hundreds of thousands of square miles of potential plowland.) The effort should have been made to

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reconcile this fantastic picture with something much better known, and actually visible, tangible, real, namely those citizens of the United States intent on business or pleasure who were already visiting England in quite considerable numbers. These living examples of United States citizenhood should have been seen as figures in the foreground to which all that vast civilization in the background had to be related. But the average man does not always "connect" in this logical way. Moreover, in those days the visitor here was not always so well received as he should have been, for Englishmen were not demonstrative in emulating the splendid spirit of hospitality with which, then as now, Americans received the stranger in their midst. It was a fault, due more to shyness than "uppishness," which we hope we have been growing out of.

Doubtless there were thousands of Englishmen in those pre-War days whose judgment of the United States was not so inaccurate. There were authors who went over to get to know the public that bought their books; newspaper owners who studied American newspaper production; engineers who were interested in the latest labor-saving devices; educationists who wished to know more about American education; welfare workers who studied social experiments in American cities; and diplomats, of course, who had no illusions about the ascending part that the United States was playing in world affairs. There were many Englishmen who were well-informed about America; yet England as a whole, before the War period, was not psychologically in touch with the greatest English-speaking nation. She had not yet formed an intimate mental picture of the mass life of the other nation such as must be formed if one nation is to be sensitive to changes of mood in the other, or capable of responding with some tact to a gesture, or of being quiet at moments when silence is golden.

THE War made a big difference. To begin with, it produced considerable changes in the habits and manners of the English people themselves. It made them in some respects more like Americans in their behavior, even before friendly contact had been established between the Associated Armies in France. For Englishmen, so long as it lasted, the War was a tremendous leveler. It did not abolish differences in wealth, but it did, for the time being, tend to break down differences in class. A new sort of camaraderie, a genial community feeling, asserted itself, under which barriers of prejudice, pride and shyness disappeared. A new slang invaded the language which was in use everywhere, and it was noticeable that many of the slang words were of American origin. It might not be true to say that the English nation at this time was Americanized, but certainly many habits and snobbishnesses which had separated it from the Americans disappeared. That brilliant if somewhat prejudiced Spanish philosopher, Ortega y Gasset, has said that all Europe has recently become Americanized, not through the direct influence of the United States, but under those common democratic influences which made America "American." I do not know whether that is true, but I am

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sure the War made some millions of Englishmen much less unlike Americans than they had been; it broke down some of those reserves which tend to separate men; it produced a sort of geniality and openness of manner which Americans evince spontaneously; so that they found, when they mingled with American troops in France, that there was much in sentiment as well as in language which at once put them at their ease with them — as the English were seldom quite at ease with the French.

So already, in 1919, the ground was somewhat prepared for the mighty assault of Americanism upon the English mind and imagination which was to gather momentum steadily year after year. Many remarkable changes have come over the British people in the last dozen years, but few more remarkable than that which occurred through the alteration of their sense of *nation*-values — and especially the awareness of a mass force on the other side of the ocean emitting spasmodic nerve-waves of energy round and round the earth. The whole world was seen to be dancing to jazz tunes which originated there; crowding to see film pictures made on that Far Western seaboard; listening to voices which spoke with a Western accent; thrilling to emotion evoked by Hollywood performers. The whole world was touring the roads in automobiles from Detroit. All the hotels of Europe were fitted out to receive the overflow of tourists from overseas. What more amazing to the English tourist in France, accustomed to the indifference of the French to sanitation, than to discover that they had conquered their national repugnance to plumbing and had everywhere installed hot and cold water-pipes for the sole purpose of satisfying American visitors!

The America-concept was built up by stages in the minds of average Englishmen. When President Wilson returned from Paris to Washington after the Versailles Peace negotiations, they thought that the Treaty, including the provision for the League of Nations, was settled. But when the politicians and people of the United States turned down the President and rejected the Treaty, it was necessary to readjust the "America" picture. Clearly she belonged to an order of things all her own. One did not feel that there was any mystery about her, as one might about an Oriental nation — she was too frank to mystify — but certainly she was incalculable. On the other hand it was impossible to feel that there was anything in the least hostile about her aloofness from Europe — did she not at once organize famine relief for starving Russia, and join England in bringing financial help to distraught Austria? She was adamant about European debts, but her people were ready on occasion to pour out gifts.

But what most of all impressed the practical imagination of the Englishman during those years was the legend — or was it the reality? — of the inexhaustible wealth of the United States and the infinite capacity of the people for harnessing the forces of nature to create ever more wealth. Size, speed, machinery, power, wealth — these were of the essence of the America-concept. The thousands of miles between the

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Atlantic and the Pacific might have been tens of thousands — they were thought of as endless. The grain-producing and mineral-producing capacity — infinite! The cities — machine-using, with every device for labor-saving! A country which could grow its own food, rear its own cattle, yield its natural oil and mineral ores, and at the same time so mechanize industry that goods could be turned out by mass-production cheaply and abundantly for the satisfaction of the growing desires of a vast population, with an ever-increasing overflow for foreign markets. And in addition to all this, the banks, with reserves of credit mounting up for fresh and ever-fresh investment!

The whole picture, gigantic and complex as it was, might be summed up for the average Englishman by one word — the magic word "Ford." That word not only suggested mass-production, specialization of mechanism, labor-saving, but was also a standing reproach to the old industrialist's caution in restricting output. It made men say, "If you are doing badly, halve your prices and double your wages. If that does not do the trick, halve and double again." (English manufacturers, by the way, did not take this advice.) Working men thought of America as a country where the poorest worker received six dollars a day, and where there were no unemployed — as a country in which the more people there might be requiring food and automobiles, the more wealth there was for those whose business it was to cater for their needs; the more exuberantly men multiplied their wants, the greater the capacity for satisfying them.

And so we got into the habit of saying, not "as rich as Crœsus," but "as rich as an American." This wealth, as we imagined it, became something fabulous, and more than fabulous; for fables have often depicted a man of prodigious power or unthinkable wealth — a merchant prince, a Maharajah, or an oil-king, but never before a nation of well-off people. Yet this is what the new America-legend was imposing on our imagination. There was no Socialist in England who would have ventured to put the claim for a minimum wage so high as five or six dollars a day, yet this, it was supposed, was to be had for the asking by any man in the United States who was willing to work. Work for all, high wages for all, automobiles for all, and an ever-upward movement in the scale and in the standard, every man buoyed up with the rosy prospect of becoming a millionaire himself. It seemed to the English onlooker who believed what he read in the newspapers, that whatever America might or might not have done in other respects, at least in the economic sphere, she had solved the problem. There at least she had made a success. In that sphere of life she had knocked spots off Europeans. She had shown them something to imitate. The Utopian dream of prosperity for all — had not America realized it?

IN PRIME production, in industry, in commerce, in finance, America went her own proud way, so easily first of all the nations in economic power that there was nothing to put beside her. And economic power in modern times is simply *power*, power

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par excellence; all other physical means of exerting force are subordinate to it. It was very formidable, this supremacy, dominating the horizon wherever we turned. There is not a nation in Europe which had not an "America complex," a state of mind in which the ever-recurring emotions were those connected with "debts, armaments — armaments, debts." And to this awareness of colossal power was also added the idea of a people whose national pride was peculiarly sensitive to criticism. Europeans got the impression that America might say what she liked to the world, but that the world must be very careful what it said to America. If, for example, any one in Europe felt sore because the United States had not entered the League of Nations, he would be wise to keep such thoughts unexpressed. If any nation hoped for a remission of any part of its debt to America, it was felt that the wisest course would be not to mention the matter. It was her privilege to say what she liked about the scandal of European armaments, but beware of the *lèse majesté* of saying anything about the failure to suppress bootleggers.

I stress this formidable aspect which America assumed in the eyes of the average Englishman up to about three years ago; but it is necessary to insist that even then it was modified by many factors. One instinctively admired such force, knowing that mere size and mass would not have produced this tremendous result if there had not been vitality, initiative, drive and moral quality behind. But there were special reasons why Englishmen should appreciate the American point of view. Before the War we, too, had been accounted a nation rich, aloof, proud, intolerant of criticism. Our very insularity, our division from Europe by the narrow waters of the Channel, had given us some of the sense of self-sufficiency which is so natural for Americans, with an ocean on each side of them, and half a continent for territory. In addition, we realized that there was much in the mentality of the American people which enabled us to be nearer to them than to any other country. Though, of course, we deplore the debt that Europe and England owe to the United States, we are the first to sympathize with the principle that debts should be paid. Though we are glad that we never adopted Prohibition, we are bound to remember that our legislators for half a century have been similarly influenced by powerful Temperance reformers. We, too, have been a nation of tourists. We, too, have sent our bands of missionaries to the heathen. We, too, have often endeavored to press our moral codes on foreign nations, just as America today, with an arrogance which we admire, would compel Europe to be pacifist. Indeed we, too, want Europe to be pacifist. Though we are no longer in a position to bring strong pressure to bear on the world to live according to our ideals, we are the less inclined to grudge America her supremacy, since her world projects, in the main, are as acceptable to us as to her. We are not depressed by the sense of her overshadowing power, since we have often felt that it was often used on our side, or at least to the advantage of causes that we esteem.

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Such was the position, then, three years ago, in which we saw all the nations of the world looking over their shoulders wonderingly at the Colossus — a power strong enough to influence profoundly our shrunken Europe, if she cared to — a country to which it was possible to feel we had become a sort of poor relation, though with some of the privileges of kinship. But since the position of a poor relation — especially to one who has been rich — is not quite satisfactory, there was sometimes a sense of strain. But this statement requires modifying, since the majority of Englishmen have not yet learned the virtue of humility or puffed themselves out with the pride that goes with it. Let me put the matter otherwise. The United States seemed friendly enough, but miraculously armor-proof against our latter-day weaknesses. We were conscious of being humanly fallible in the management of our economic life. America seemed unerring in the pursuit of success — superhuman.

And then came the crash — the tottering of 1929 — the *annus terribilis* (as Professor Arnold Toynbee has called it) of 1931 — the subsidences, the bubble-prickings, the collapse of the very foundations of belief — belief, I mean, in the innate value of commodities, in the sacredness of gold, the eternity of the Bank of England, and even the superhumanity of the United States. We saw the whole structure of world wealth and world trade shaken, and the spiritual elements which inhabited these material things — "credit," "confidence," "security" — diminished. Those were the spiritual elements in which the United States had seemed superabundantly rich — qualities intimately related to their boundless faith in predestined and continuous success. But now, the continuity of that amazing success was broken; the faith of that buoyant optimism was dwindling; the very citadel of the new world order was not impregnable. When we saw that America, too, was swept by the tidal wave of destruction which sent values toppling down throughout the world we realized that, powerful as she was, she was not, after all, superhuman. She was fallible, as we were fallible. She was discovering, as we had discovered, the hiatus between productive power and marketing power, and was realizing, as we had realized, the terrific menace of unemployment. Her rich people and our rich people were now simultaneously experiencing the sensation of being the "new poor." When we came to know how profoundly she, too, was involved in the world misfortune, the "America-concept" suffered a sea-change. The miraculous was eliminated from it. It ceased to mesmerize us with the image of a demi-god or a Juggernaut. Even the word "Ford" lost its magic, and "mass-production" ceased to be a password opening the road to illimitable wealth.

Enlightened by the lessons of the crisis, we no longer felt that here were we in a crazy boat that might founder, and that over there were the Americans in an Ark that no Flood could harm. We began to see that we were all in the same boat together, rowing, perhaps, at sixes and sevens, but under the same necessity of keeping afloat, and the

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same possibility of having to swim side by side in the water. That made a difference to our attitude. It made even the debt problem assume a less invidious character than it might have done. If America had still been in the plenitude of her prosperity, and, being in that position, had turned a deaf ear to Europe's plea for debt revision, that would have been one matter. It was quite another matter when she said: "We need the money; we have millions of unemployed; our farmers are in debt; our taxpayers are squeezed; our budget is not balancing." That seemed to us the most cogent of arguments. Europe might or might not be able to pay. It might or might not be in the interests of America herself to insist on the whole of the payments. But we fully recognized that, as things were going badly with her no less than with us, she was abundantly justified in demanding that Europe should leave no stone unturned to fulfill her contractual obligations, just as we for our part felt justified in pointing out the difficulties of making a monetary river flow up-hill.

To this extent good is coming out of ill, that both countries are facing the realities, and there is the basis for a more realistic understanding than ever before. We, on this side, have probably been getting rid of the more fanciful elements in our American picture. There will be no need in the future to divide it into two irreconcilable parts — on the one side, the abstraction that was "Ford," on the other, those agreeable tourists whom we used to meet in the streets and hotels of our cities. The time will come, surely, when those vivacious, talkative, energetic, curious visitors from overseas will be with us again — the athletic college youths — the women wearing their Paris dresses — New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Ohio, Kentucky and Oklahoma adding their splash of color to the London scheme. How glad we shall be to see them! And when they arrive once more, pausing here for a few brief moments of experience, harbingers of returning prosperity, even our most stay-at-home Englishmen will understand that these perfectly human people whom we had been missing are genuine samples of their race, and that if we crossed the mill-pond we should find millions of their countrymen like them. And when my own countrymen look again at that huge space on the map and attempt in their imagination to fill it with people, I do not think they will picture them as denizens of another planet — Martians or Robots — but as men and women, with eyes, ears, mouths, minds and tastes not altogether unlike those of Englishmen.

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Seen the Glory

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

A Story

Of three professions the Reverend Robert Carter followed, his preaching was at once the least and the greatest; least in that the livelihood thus gained was negligible, greatest in that his earnestness and devotion gave to it the joy of an avocation.

Now, as he sought a text to illuminate the next day's sermon at Nehemiah African Methodist Church, he was for the second time that afternoon interrupted. He marked the place in his Bible with a long finger and drew away from the fire to a more upright position. He would have hated to admit — he scarcely realized — how much light he needed to read, these days. A succession of sounds from the rear of the cabin and a cumulative opaqueness outside the open front door had combined to distract him. Brown eyes yielded their intent and faraway expression. The mind behind them came back from Galilee, in Judea, to Barondel Plantation, on Peedee River.

Robert listened, frowning:

"O Love, O Love, O Careless Love!
O Love, O Love, O Careless Love!
Ah'm goan hang ma hat on uh willuh tree
'Cause de man Ah love do love me.
O Love, O Love, O Ca—"

"Hush, child," commanded the minister, in a voice at once stern and musical. "I d'read de Scripture." Silence returned.

Robert rose, placed the Bible on the red-print covered table in the centre of the room and walked to the open door. Lean nose, high forehead, intelligent eyes lent distinction to a countenance kindred to old mahogany. He bore himself erect. He would have had to stoop his six feet two if the doorway had not been cut cathedral fashion.

A faint road ran past the side of the cabin and skirted a tiny watchman's camp set high on stilts. To the left, in a welter of live-oaks, nestled the age-gray bulk of the Big House, but a graveled driveway led to that. The humbler road turned right as countless feet and farm-wag ns had done, to serve the barns. Robert looked past the curve and over the top of the low bluff that hid the near half of Peedee River. On the far side of the narrow, reedy island in the centre, he could glimpse a sliver of tawny water fretted by yellow-white shaving-curls of foam. Clouds surprisingly dark for three-thirty in the afternoon hung above. Chill waxed in the air.

"Ef de win' doan shif', dey's

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goan be weather," Robert muttered. His mouth pursed.

Nehemiah's sermon seemed fated to interruption. Earlier in the afternoon, a committee of deacons had come from Ebenezer, on Waccamaw Neck, to make the Reverend Carter the proffer of seventy-five cents' worth of gasoline and seventy cents for ferry fare, once a month, so that he might reach his farthest flock by ramshackle Ford, via Georgetown Bay, instead of paddling six miles through rice-field creek and ditch.

Robert had listened to the offer intently. Under the spell of emotion he rose and stood very straight. Seemingly he looked at his three visitors, but in reality there passed on the screen of his mind, one by one, families and individuals of the hard-put congregation that had sent these men. Faces, clothes, suffering, laughter, need. And suddenly he had seen, not outwardly in the room, but inwardly in his mind, as he often did, One shining, exceeding white as snow, One who ministered and gave no thought to the morrow.

"Brethren," the minister had announced his decision, "I thank my people. An' I thank you, too. An' de Lawd, sayeth de Scripture, is not onacquainted wid de hearts ob de righteous. But de gasoline an' de ferry fare mek too much buhden. De po' needs de money, an' de stren'th I spen' on de Lawd's wuhk, de Lawd will count as savin'. I row an' walk, long's I kin."

STANDING now in the cabin doorway, the tall Negro reviewed that conference. He thought, too, of his farming venture on Camellia, where sporadic service as watchman (really a fourth profession) earned him the right to till five acres, rent free. A "fus' fros'" fire, set by ignorant darkies "to buhn de boll weevil," had spread across fields and wiped out a year's store of grain and peas, a plow, a harrow and a horse.

Today the lowering sky promised to make onerous and hazardous an imminent engagement in the third principal occupation of this man of varied effort.

At sixty-three, Robert, besides being preacher and farmer, was still the best hunting guide in Georgetown County. He knew like the back of his hand the intricate maze of ditches in the abandoned rice fields. He could veer his boat suddenly, press through a mat of reeds and come to some solitary black and soundless pool where teal or mallard, winging in from the Atlantic, dropped, with a whir of feathers against wind, to rest and feed. He could have handled, safely and swiftly, in his sleep, any one of the flimsy, knocked-together ducking craft that were the sampans of adventure on Peedee.

He tried not to think how bitter cold this afternoon's hunting would be. End-of-season generosity, he reminded himself, would be likely to overmatch discomfort. Nevertheless, the dark and sullen elements, after a winter all sunshine and blue skies, depressed him. They made him feel his age.

The childlike mind drifted from trouble, as always, and the watcher began to weld the scene before him to the snatches of Bible reading that had informed his thinking since the midday meal. He wondered if such

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a gloomy canopy had arched and such a yellow Jordan flowed, when John the Baptist, that strange wilderness preacher, had seen a newcomer approach and the heavens had opened and the Spirit had descended in the form of a Dove.

Turning back into the cabin, Robert shut the door against the mounting sharpness. He called to Ida, who had begun to croon wordlessly the tune of the suppressed love song, and bade her fetch a lamp. Simultaneously, Emma, wife and mother, stole over from her duties as cook at the Big House to superintend her husband's dressing. She insisted on an extra undershirt, brewed some steaming tea and scolded Ida vigorously for not having finished doing the luncheon dishes. Then she sailed away, majestic in petticoats, over a stile and across emerald grass to her other port of dependents.

ROBERT, booted, dressed to orders, seemed, in his long, blue-black slicker, taller and more mahogany of face than ever. He stood a final moment in the doorway regarding the ominous sky.

"Mos' daark as dusk-daark itse'f," he murmured, shaking his head.

Before he reached the watchman's camp, however, his stride regained sprightliness. The Reverend Robert Carter was leaving his ministerial self, his farming self, his paternal self, all behind in the cabin. He would not have expressed it thus, but he was going where the elemental pagan in him had found release for half a century. The great marshes and rivers, with ponderous tides, beady-eyed reptiles, churning waters and treacherous quicksands, were the theatre for the triumphs of an unsuspected ego, otherwhere submerged by inhibitions of racial status and circumstance. In the omnivorous swamps, where white and black found themselves for the most part wisely fearful, he was Natural Man, mighty in proportion to his dominance over the Wild. The fearful waters around him, and the sucking mud, were, like his boat and paddle, instruments to his purpose, and he their master.

Although today's patron, an old and tolerant one, permitted, even invited, Robert to bring his own cheap single barrel and take sportsman's chance at the winging fowl, the old Negro held nothing in his hands until he stopped at the watchman's camp and drew from under that structure a home-made paddle. He found the tide nearly at ebb, the mud flat some thirty feet wide. On it rested three duck-boats, each made fast by a rope to roots that projected from a live oak at the top of the slope.

Robert bent to bail one out. He bestowed only casual attention on the yellow river that boiled a few feet from his face. The current was sluggish. Whipped and goaded on the surface by wind, Peedee suffered even greater throes beneath. Seven miles below, the Atlantic, pressing through Georgetown Bay, was beginning its twice daily task of pushing back the mighty river. For thirty miles Peedee would flow upward, at the flood. This conflict of forces, under the tawny mane, was one of nature's brutal and awe-inspiring commonplaces in the low country.

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Robert turned the boat over on its side, drained the last of the muddy water, then righted it. He examined the calking. It was wet, swollen, sufficient.

Under the big oak at the top of the shelf loomed a figure. Robert, sensing it, looked up just before the hail. A bulky figure of a man, clad in expensive hunting clothes. Face a trifle too red, but clear of skin by the tonic of outdoors. Red veinings, too, in the whites of the hard but pleasant blue eyes. A self-indulgent man, yet a healthy one, except for the telltale marks in the eyes and a slight excess of flesh.

"Hi, there, Robert!" he called, waving a repeating shotgun that might have been a jeweler's pride instead of a gunsmith's.

"Greeting to you, Maus Clyde," Robert responded, rising with just a hint of age. "How you leave de boys and Maum Clyde?"

"Fine, Robert. Fine." The big man came down the slope; the hearty voice drew nearer. From the lips of the newcomer, spicing the sullen air, breathed the odor of fine whiskey.

Robert's smile of welcome hovered genially, but his eyes clouded and the corners of his mouth resisted a tendency to pucker, a sure sign of disapproval or worry.

The hunter reached into a capacious hip pocket and drew out a flask. He poured a drink into the metal cap and offered it.

"You'll need something to warm you," he said. "It's going to be cold."

"Sho is," Robert agreed pleasantly, shifting from one foot to the other. "But you know what I say, thuhty, forty year. Licker and boat doan mix. Licker and powder doan mix." The tone was even, without presumption of reproach, but none could have doubted the decision's finality.

Clyde laughed. He knew he was violating an iron-clad tabu of the ricefields. Whiskey did not go on hunting trips. Afterwards, before the fire, for warmth or comradeship, yes. Robert himself would welcome this same invitation when they returned and disembarked. But Clyde was in holiday mood.

"Okay, Sobersides." The contents of the flask-cap disappeared down its owner's throat.

Robert put the boat half in the water. The big man stepped in, took the centre seat. Robert, paddle in hand, eased the boat farther into the stream. As it achieved clearance, he stepped aboard, seated himself swiftly and was at once absorbed in strong and skilful stroking. Cockleshell in a smother of coffee-and-cream foam, the craft danced defiantly.

ROBERT was going upstream, to Squirrel Creek and Thousand Acres. He blessed the beginning of the flood, which meant that he had only the wind to combat on the uptrip. Coming home, the ascending flow would be strong, and he would have to battle prodigiously, but now the task, impossible as it would have been to a novice, was to Robert easy.

Majestic in its crown of oaks, the gray bulk of Barondel Hall passed slowly on the left, then the unpainted boathouse. Robert won to the end of the island in the river's centre and caught the full force of

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the northwesterly wind. He buckled to his paddling. Had any one been watching from the boathouse, the duck-boat would have seemed a ridiculous chip, dissolving slowly in tumultuous void.

Overhead, the sky was playing tricks. The ominous clouds would part and the heavens would lighten with patches of muddy gold. Then the angry ranks of approaching storm would close formation and it would seem for a few seconds that night had come. The wind veered.

After a half-hour of rhythmic effort, Robert angled to the right, like a sailboat on a stormy tack, and reached, relieved, the quieter waters of Squirrel Creek. Here the flow was still downward, toward the river, but very sluggish, dying before the tide. Tortured eddies and slow swirls, as if the creek were in pain. A thin fringe of cypress, water oak and maple lined the banks. In the spring the maples would flame in lovely red; the oaks would bud in tender green; the cypress would assume its rich and delicate frondage. Now all were naked of leaves, branches gaunt and bare, save for the interminable streamers of Spanish moss, like the beards of ghosts.

Clyde fished the flask from his hip and tilted it.

"It's cold," he said.

"Goan' be colder," Robert prophesied. He could feel the sweat under his clothes.

The boat moved swiftly now, light as a canoe. Presently, to the right, appeared a break in the low creek bank. Robert turned into even quieter water. Unerringly, at the frequent crossings of the ditches, he chose his turn, right or left. In fifteen minutes, the white man, with years of rice-field hunting behind him, would have been, without his guide, hopelessly lost in a waste of reed and water.

Here too, winter added bite to its bleakness by contrast with the same scene in spring or summer. Later in the year the boat would be nosing through overhanging flowers, red, white, buttercup gold, occasional purple. All the vastness to either side would be drunk with the sun, with ribbon green, with millions of blossoms. Now drabness, everything dun, under sullen wind.

The men were pygmies in devouring emptiness. Not the desert, not the solitary crest of a mountain, is so silent, so lonely as the swamp. Multitudinous small sounds blend and are absorbed under the onerous blanket of space, merge into a living and terrible soundlessness. The infinitesimal whisper of the reeds became but a muted clock-tick by which to gauge the eternal silence. The water in the ditch deepened. The boat shot round a corner of the reeds, drifting along the edge of an expanse dark and awesome. Here was the ultimate silence, the lonely black heart of the marsh — Thousand Acre Pool.

Robert headed the boat into the reedy border, where a faint path had been beaten through. He made the boat fast. The two men walked a short distance, easy at low tide, though they moved with care so as not to slip on the muddy footing. The duck-hunter never disturbs the swamp's silence if he can help it.

Behind a crude blind of reeds they disposed themselves to wait, but nature, as if in momentary friend-

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liness, raised the curtain on the drama for which they had come. The veering wind, erratic and gathering force, tore the cloud-ranks asunder. Streaks, patches, pools and lakes of yellow and orange light appeared in the heavens. The sunset that had been hidden came partially to vision, and with that magic illumination appeared, too, the protagonists in the drama. Wedgelike in flight, winging from the sea, with a whush-whush of feathers overhead drowning the whisper of reeds in the marsh, the mallards were flying over. Wide, swift arrows, the shifting pattern of each flight held true to an instinctive course.

"Duck!" Robert murmured with a sharp intake of breath. He heard them before he saw them. He had left his gun at home because he knew that any light vouchsafed would be tricky, and he did not care to expose his failing sight.

The repeater barked. For the next twenty minutes Clyde was in the hunter's element. Robert collected seven birds, finding those among the reeds with the sure instinct of a retriever dog and paddling about the black water to garner others. Only enough of the fading light was left to distinguish the noble green crests of the drakes.

As the Negro eased the boat over a trunk dock into Squirrel Creek, three phenomena occurred simultaneously. The ranks of the clouds reformed, the opaqueness of night arrived behind them in irresistible support and the rain came. Finally the wind had settled in the southeast, and from the Atlantic driving, slanting sheets of cold moisture swept in and down to meet the waters of the marsh.

"Dat river's goan' be sump'n!" Robert muttered. Both wind and the upflowing current would be against him when he reached Peedee. It was amazing how cold the rain was.

"We'll have plenty of cheer when we get home," Clyde reassured him. The hunter's voice was exultant. He was proud of his birds. Over his hands he had drawn fleece-lined gloves and he clapped them together, partly to keep warm, partly out of excitement and pleasure.

The current in Squirrel Creek had turned definitely upstream. Robert paddled in strong and swift rhythm, driving forward into the blackness, taking the rain against his lean, brown face, seeking the more arduous pathway of the river.

Peedee announced itself, forty yards before the creek-mouth, by a slapping of wind-whipped water against the front of the boat.

"We make close de other bank," Robert told his passenger, "an' we get a little shelter f'om de win'."

"This rain is damn' cold," said Clyde.

The boat emerged from Squirrel and Robert pointed due southeast. This meant crossing the adverse current at an angle and with the wind dead ahead. Every stroke now must be smooth and powerful and the intervals between must be lightning brief. A momentary slack and the welter of water would have them. Robert was very cold and the rain in his face was like icy needles.

It seemed a long way across, even allowing for the angle, but after eight or nine minutes of steady battle, the Negro sensed an almost

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imperceptible diminution of the waves. Soon he would be in the partial shelter of the reedy bank at his right and he could work his way down the river, against the up-flowing tide, with less wind to impede and imperil. The paddle bit relentlessly into the hostile element. It required all of Robert's strength to hold the strokes firm. His shoulder ached.

Forward, Clyde reached around to his hip-pocket. The flask did not come out easily and the hunter half rose in irritation, wrenching. The delicate balance of the craft wavered. Water, greedy as death, poured over the shallow side. With scarcely time for a gasp, the two men were in the river.

ROBERT'S first sensation was of unbearable cold. His bones were like water. The river was in his bones. As he went down, he fumbled at the buttons of his slicker. When he came up, he was free of the garment, but he had lost his paddle. He thought grimly how Emma had been after him for weeks to buy a pair of thick boots. He was grateful for the thinness of the ones he wore.

The boat! They must have that. Near the bank as they were, it should move toward a lesser creek on this side. The night was black. The rain might have come from a squid.

Robert struck out, in the direction of the current. His bones were not water now. They were ice. His mouth moved in prayer and as if in answer, he heard a faint thrashing to the left. Three strokes and he had his hand on Clyde's head, then in the collar of the white man's heavy hunting coat.

How weighty this burden was! The thrashing had been a final effort. Clyde did not struggle. He simply sagged in the water, like a thousand pounds of lead. Robert prayed with all his might. He could not hold this man up long. He trod water, paddled with his free hand. Something bumped against him, and he believed in his heart the Lord had commanded the river and wind. With the wind blowing out from land and the current setting in, the overturned boat had remained virtually stationary.

Now began a journey measured by feet in distance and years in agony. Robert held up the inert Clyde with one hand and clung to the boat with the other. He kicked rearward, seeking to propel the boat toward shore. Cold, cold, cold! In every vein. In every muscle. Seemingly in his heart, where there was a stabbing sharpness. His left arm, now supporting the white man, grew numb. He was not even sure whether he still held his charge.

This progress by inches lasted for several minutes. An overpowering desire to relax, to loose the boat and the man and sink in the icy water, began to dominate his brain. He kicked feebly. One of his feet touched the supreme blessing of mud.

New strength came with that feel of the river bottom. He kicked forward twice more, reached for the mud, could not secure a firm purchase, kicked again, was walking. Weariness pulled at his brain like a drug. He continued to propel the boat and the man before him, a lost triad of incredibly slow motion in the black night. Each effort became a separate epic. He succeeded in

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pulling Clyde's body half out of the water, on to the reedy marge. He did the same for the boat. Then he sank and some inner wave engulfed all but a tiny light in his brain.

The light grew, became a coherent thought. He must not lie inert, wet and cold. This was death, death for him and for Clyde. Robert saw the congregation at Nehemiah, saw Emma smiling, Ida, the red-print covered table set with backbone and rice. He rose to his knees. The white man lay face down. Robert turned the head sideways, wary of the suffocating mud. Then he reached in Clyde's hip-pocket, drew out the flask. He put the container down a moment, beat his numb hands against his sides to put a little blood and life in them. He was able to unscrew the cap, and drank some of the whiskey. There was a little left. He screwed the cap back, carefully. A thin trickle of warmth moved through the iciness of his veins and muscles.

The Negro began a painful progress, crouching, along the river's edge. He felt continually in the water with his right hand. The river was no colder than the rain. After about fifty feet, he shook his head, muttering and turned back down the river, left hand groping. Ten feet of the reverse journey and the back of his hand touched wood. The current had drifted the paddle to shore. He withdrew it, returned to the man and the boat.

Inland there were fifty yards of marsh before solid ground. Robert could not beat through the reeds with an unconscious body. He could scarcely have made it alone. There was no way home except the boat. He found the flask, unscrewed the cap again, drank the remaining whiskey, let flask and cap fall to the mud. Then, drawing heavily on the stimulus of the alcohol, he righted the boat, put it three-fourths in the water and pushed and hauled Clyde into it. He himself got in, laboriously, and pushed off.

The false strength of the whiskey ebbed swiftly. Robert would not have thought it was possible to be any colder than he had been, but he was. All of him was numb except his shoulder, which dully ached, and his heart where the stabbing pain came back at intervals. He gasped and muttered, between chattering teeth.

The black night became an eternity. Robert felt that he had been doing this since time began. For a while he was on an African river, bordered by a stranger jungle than Peedee knew. He would wield this paddle forever. In, back, turn, out. In, back, turn, out.

The pain at his heart increased. It fought with opiate weariness in his brain. The weariness conquered. He could not go on.

Then, ahead and to the left, there appeared, far off, a glow. It moved, across the water, to meet the boat; and in the centre of the glow, effulgent, Robert discerned the figure of a man. Steadily it drew near. Robert did not cease paddling, but his eyes were fixed in wonder. The man wore a long white garment and the lower part of his face was covered with reddish, curly beard. The hands were outstretched. When the man's eyes could be seen, Robert's wonder grew.

The light and the figure moved

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dead ahead. Robert paddled desperately. He wanted to come closer. When only about thirty feet intervened, the figure no longer approached. Either it receded as the boat advanced, or Robert was making no progress against the current. The cycle of the paddle continued. Robert prayed. "Help me, Lawd," he said. "Help me."

Once more the light and the figure moved. As it drew closer, the glow seemed beneficent, healing. Robert saw that the hands were marked. The hands seemed to draw the boat forward. The light grew very bright. Robert did not feel cold any more.

MR. CARTERET, owner of Barondel, two of his sons and Dr. Clay, from Guendalos, who was a dinner guest, stood on the boathouse wharf, calling at intervals. The boys were in a duck-boat, tied to the wharf. Each held a paddle.

"We'd better go up a ways," one of them said.

"In this rain and darkness!" Dr. Clay exclaimed. "What's the use?"

For the fortieth time Mr. Carteret directed a long flash up the current, enfilading the darkness, bringing into startling relief, under the slanting rain, a pathway of coffee-and-cream foam. He switched off the light, then revived it swiftly.

"I thought I saw something faint at the far end of the beam," he announced excitedly.

"So did I," agreed Dr. Clay.

"It's not there, now, though."

"Give us the light," one of the boys said. Mr. Carteret handed it down and the duck-boat set off, up the river.

When the boys made labored return to the boathouse, one of them sat in the back, holding the front of another boat. It was nearly full of water.

The four men succeeded in getting the two bodies up on to the boathouse wharf.

"Clyde's alive," Dr. Clay said, after a moment's examination.

"But Robert's not."

The doctor bent over again, sniffed at the guide's mouth.

"Whiskey," he announced. "The odor of it is plain."

"You'd think," Mr. Carteret said, "with all his experience, he'd have had sense enough to let licker alone when he was guiding. It isn't like him."

Dr. Clay rose.

"You can never tell," he said, "what a Nigger will do."

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The Lawyer and His Troubles

By F. R. Aumann

By 1940, it has been predicted, there will be a quarter of a million lawyers in this country. Will they have anything to do?

"Lawyers," said H. St. John de Crèvecœur, in his *Letters of an American Farmer*, "are plants that will grow in any soil that is cultivated by the hands of others, and when they have taken root, they will extinguish every vegetable that grows around them. The fortunes they daily acquire in every province from the misfortunes of their fellow-citizens are surprising. What a pity that our forefathers, who happily extinguished so many fatal customs, and expunged from their government so many errors and abuses, both religious and civil, did not also prevent the introduction of a set of men so dangerous."

This was written in 1782. Since then similar opinions have been expressed so frequently that even the words come to have a familiar ring. Unfortunately for the profession, however, the view is not altogether accurate, as many lawyers can prove with ease. Still, taken by and large its lot has been satisfactory enough until recent years, when circumstances have arisen which may alter the situation considerably. This is especially true since 1929, when adverse conditions have appeared with disconcerting regularity.

For convenience, the difficulties facing the profession may be roughly catalogued under four heads: (1) the tendency of the layman to invade many fields which were long considered the monopoly of the lawyers; (2) the declining use of courts and the litigation method of settling controversies; (3) the declining importance of the lawyer in the political field as educational opportunity widens and other avenues to political advancement are opened; (4) the excessive increase of personnel in the profession.

The first problem has received wide-spread attention. In 1931 the American Bar Association Committee on the Unauthorized Practice of the Law, conducting a nation-wide survey, reported that "unauthorized practices were general and were increasing throughout the country except in the rural regions." State and local bar association studies report the same condition. In 1930 twenty-eight proceedings were brought by the Cuyahoga County (Ohio) Bar Association to enjoin the practice

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of law by lay organizations in Cleveland. The evidence showed that the membership in fourteen of these law-practising corporations, not one of which was a bank, trust, or title company, the usual offenders, exceeded 81,000, and that their annual income was over $1,900,000.

A bill of particulars might be of interest. In recent years the lawyer's work, once largely concerned with litigation, has turned more and more to what we might call office practice. Not that litigation has ceased to be a factor. Indeed, Herbert Hoover states that civil litigation stands "next to war the largest item of preventable waste in our civilization." But office practice, which is performed in Great Britain by the attorney as distinguished from the barrister, has increased so enormously in the past generation, in volume and variety, as to change greatly the practice of law. It is chiefly in this area that the work of the lawyer is being narrowed by lay encroachment.

Illustrations are plentiful. Twenty years ago the handling of titles was almost exclusively the work of the lawyer. Today, except in the rural regions, this function has been largely taken over by title insurance companies. Twenty years ago all problems relating to executorships and estates found their way to the lawyer's office. Today the insurance and trust companies have taken over much of this work. Whereas in Great Britain the attorney is employed not merely to probate the will, but to supervise the management and administration of the trust estate during the entire existence of the trust, the lawyer in this country allows supervision of these matters to pass to the layman trustee, individual or corporate.

Formerly the lawyer performed practically all the work in the conveyancing field. Today the drafting of deeds, agreements, mortgages and other instruments of conveyance or incumbrance is largely becoming the function of the realtor. Moreover, commercial collection agencies are rapidly extending their work at the lawyer's expense, and lay claim-adjusting agencies are increasing the number and variety of cases which they investigate and settle without reference to his office. Service corporations have been organized to care for the legal requirements of their members in fields promising financial profit—such as taxation, automobile accidents and conditional sales. Credit associations are caring for matters involving creditor law, bankruptcies and assignments.

In inheritance and income tax cases, a large and lucrative volume of business now goes to the accountants, who come into the field with the advantage of technical equipment on the economic side. Since the lawyer's monopoly no longer protects him, he plays a losing game. For example, although a lawyer has practised for years in the highest courts of the land, he is prohibited by the Treasury Department from participating in a tax conference with its subordinate clerks unless he is specially admitted to the Treasury Bar, a privilege which is extended to accountants as freely as to lawyers.

In the field of personal injury suits his work is being threatened by a social philosophy which believes that liability should be fixed without fault where the ends of social justice

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demand it. "Vicarious liability" of this type is determined by the administrative rather than the traditional litigation method. The ultimate adoption of the principle of liability without fault and compulsory compensation in automobile accident cases is not beyond the realm of possibility. Twenty years ago the handling of industrial accidents was the exclusive function of the lawyer. Today, under workmen's compensation laws, these cases are decided by administrative bodies. The lawyer's loss is the layman's gain.

The field of corporate enterprise, which should afford the lawyer his largest opportunity, is also being preempted by outsiders. Large corporations now do much of the work of incorporating business enterprises. Adjusters representing credit insurance companies are increasingly active in liquidating the affairs of business concerns which find themselves in a bad financial condition. Mergers and combinations are becoming increasingly frequent, and the continued establishment of chain stores and chain banks reduce the number of clients and remove the conflict of interest which furnishes the lawyer's work.

Lawyers are losing out in other ways. Where trade associations provide bureaus to furnish specialized legal advice to members, lawyers are employed, but the ultimate result is to take business away from the profession as a whole. Moreover, the traditional professional status of the lawyer dwindles rapidly in this environment. This tendency is not confined to business. Law offices in many of our larger centres are organized on practically a factory basis. One division is given over to mortgages, liens and leases; another to wills and real estate; another to litigation and briefing; another to corporations and securities; and still another to management and accountancy. It is not unusual to require every lawyer employed to render a detailed report of his activities. This large scale production and specialization of function may be all very well, but it must give the individual lawyer something to ponder over as he considers its ultimate effect on the practice of law.

Other disconcerting forces are at work. The Report of the National Conference Board on Trade Associations shows that whole industries and groups of merchants have bound themselves to prevent their controversies from falling into the hands of lawyers and the courts. In the motion picture industry, for example, three classes of interests are represented: the producers of films, the distributors and the exhibitors. Much litigation took place within these groups, and the costs were high. In 1923 an arbitration system was devised and put into effect. Boards selected to administer this system disposed of more than five thousand cases in their first year of operation. The money savings in distribution costs during this period of time are estimated by Charles G. Pettijohn, General Counsel of the Film Boards of Trade, at more than one and a half millions of dollars.

The effect is plain. Where arbitrators step in, lawyers step out. They are not essential to the arbitration process and are sometimes expressly barred. A number of trade associations which arrange arbitrations do just that thing. Other groups frown

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on the lawyer's presence, but do not prohibit it.

In New York the denial of the right to counsel in arbitration proceedings has been held to be not only legal but desirable. "The very purpose of arbitration," says one judge, "is to obtain inexpensive, expeditious and final determination of disputes on the merits, free from the technical rules and legal formalities. As a rule arbitrators are laymen, unacquainted with legal rules and procedure. The presence of counsel, fortified with a wilderness of single instance and with legal maxims and some legal anachronisms, would tend to confusion and protraction rather than prompt decision. Besides, if one employs a counsel, a burden is cast on the other to do likewise, with resulting added expense. To permit participation of counsel as a matter of right would be fatal to the efficiency of arbitration." This opinion suggests that the lawyer's loss in this field is likely to prove a permanent one.

Proposals have been made recently which would have an even greater effect upon the professional status of the lawyer. One would have the State assume the same responsibility in civil cases, involving proceedings between private parties as it does in criminal cases, involving proceedings between the State and parties violating its laws. Another proposal would make the administration of justice free by having the State rather than the individual bear the costs of litigation.

THE second problem mentioned above is the trend toward administrative adjudication. There are several explanations for this movement. "We lawyers," one leader of the bar remarks, "place an affectionate emphasis upon a traditional set of values, such as the separation of powers in government, the supremacy of an independent judiciary, proof of every allegation according to time-tried rules of evidence, testing each witness by cross-examination, deliberations, jury trial and appeal. We know the price is delay and technicality and expense. The history of our profession is the history of the battles for these rights and we yield them an almost Oriental devotion. However, the public is placing its insistence upon a different set of values from those we prize. It seeks speedy settlement, finality and freedom from the procedural contentions it pays for but does not understand. Hence it ousts the courts of general jurisdiction and the lawyer from employment and settles its cases by procedure extemporized by a lay referee or commissioner who suspends rules of evidence he never dreams existed, and his decision has the finality of a decree of fate."

For the past twenty years the movement toward administrative adjudication has made steady advances. Consider the number and variety of special tribunals which are now settling controversies of great importance. They include the Interstate Commerce Commission, utility commissions, trade commissions, "blue sky" commissions, workmen's compensation commissions, zoning and building commissions, and scores of others, Federal, State and municipal.

Nor is the end in sight. Elihu Root would hardly be classed as an alarmist. Nevertheless he is convinced

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that there will be no withdrawal from these experiments. "We shall expand them," he says, "whether we approve theoretically or not, because such agencies furnish protection to rights and obstacles to wrong-doing, which, under our new social and industrial conditions, can not be practically accomplished by the old and simple procedure of legislatures and courts as in the last generation."

This contention is well supported. Administrative adjudication has apparently been successful. It has been speedy, economical and efficient. "Ninety per cent of all accident cases," writes one competent observer, "which come to an industrial accident board are settled automatically, promptly and without expense. That is something which our courts have never been able to do. . . . Today, nine out of ten men get their fair compensation at once, without cost and without the expense of employing counsel. Formerly they were obliged to take what the insurance adjuster offered or else obtain a lawyer on a contingent basis and wage a long and weary fight."

If the plan of compensation worked out in connection with workmen's compensation laws is applied to railroad and automobile accidents, another great group of cases will be taken from the lawyer. The Johns Hopkins Institute of Law reports that fifty-two per cent of all cases now awaiting trial in the different States, covering their period of study, are negligence cases. Seventy-five per cent of the total business of the Supreme Court in the county of New York during 1926 and seventy-three per cent in 1927 were actions for personal injuries resulting from automobile accidents.

The effect of this trend is obvious. Administrative tribunals give the lawyer no such monopoly of attention as do the courts. Technical experts in other lines, such as accountants and engineers, are frequently more sought after than lawyers, as the representatives of parties having business before such tribunals. In fact, some of this group have proved more successful than lawyers.

The adoption of conciliation and small claims courts also tends to withdraw certain classes of cases from the regular courts. Here again, the emphasis is on prompt and inexpensive findings, unhampered by technical rules of evidence. Once more the lawyer becomes unnecessary. In some places he is actually prevented from taking a hand in the case. In Norway and Denmark, where the system is employed on a wide scale, lawyers are rigidly excluded from the conciliation court, except of course, when they attend in their own behalf. Since we have drawn heavily upon the experience of these countries in establishing our conciliation courts, similar restrictions are not unfamiliar here.

In short, it seems that the traditional litigation method of settling controversies is giving way to a system of administrative adjudication in which the lawyer is placed on an equal footing with the layman.

TURNING to the third problem mentioned above, the declining importance of lawyers in the political field, we encounter difficulty. This matter does not lend itself as readily to objective measurement as do

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some of the others, but it deserves attention nevertheless. It is a problem of leadership. "We are not far afield in asserting," says Mr. Guy A. Thompson, a recent president of the American Bar Association, "that the 122,000,000 people of this country are governed by the 160,000 lawyers of the land."

Considerable evidence may be brought to the support of this opinion. Twenty-five of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were lawyers, as were thirty-three of the fifty-five framers of the Federal Constitution. Forty-six of the forty-eight Secretaries of State were trained for the profession and twenty-four of thirty Presidents as well. Members of the judicial branch, State and Federal, with few unimportant exceptions, have always been lawyers. Most of our Governors have been recruited from this profession; and in both national and State legislatures, lawyers have played a prominent part.

Despite the imposing character of this record, there are signs which indicate that this state of affairs can not last forever. Although the public has, on occasion, registered its disapproval of the engineer in politics, it is not too much to expect that the future will see a great deal more of him in that very field. Not the engineer particularly, but members of all non-legal vocational groups which require specialized training.

In State and local government this movement is especially noticeable. As business and governmental relationships interweave more closely, difficult problems arise which call more and more for specialized knowledge. In regulating the rates and conditions of public utilities, involving as it frequently does intricate problems of valuation and business organization, this fact is true. Specialized knowledge is equally necessary in dealing with problems arising under laws regulating workmen's compensation; public health; the construction and operation of factories, shops and mills; the production and sale of food, etc. As the demands for specialization increase, work formerly done by the lawyer in many branches of government will be shared with tax experts, accountants, social workers, etc.

In private business a similar trend is under way. Commentators on business organization and operation predict a declining use of legally trained business leaders as our vast corporate enterprises enter a new era of development. According to this view, big business is turning away from leaders of the Judge Gary, Owen D. Young type to men trained in the economic rather than the legal aspects of corporate management.

Further threats to the political preeminence of the lawyers are discernible. It is no secret that dissatisfaction with governmental performance has been expressed in the severest terms in connection with the administration of justice, the field in which the lawyer has a special interest and responsibility. One does not have to go to the general public for such criticism. When Woodrow Wilson says that "the United States, in its judicial procedure, is many decades behind every civilized government in the world," and William H. Taft echoes this opinion, the layman's traditional distrust of the legal order and those who live by it is given

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encouragement which will most certainly be in no way helpful to lawyers' leadership in the public affairs of the country.

THE fourth and last problem mentioned above is one which runs to the heart of the machine age, the problem of numbers. Now, as always, there is argument as to whether there are too many lawyers. Figures are advanced by some to show that the general population rate is increasing more rapidly than the number of lawyers, and that such overcrowding as does exist is confined to some of the large Eastern cities. Other figures advanced throw a somewhat different light on the matter.

For example, in 1930, there were 160,605 lawyers in the country. Between 1920 and 1930, 78,500 lawyers were admitted; the net increase being 38,086, or thirty-one per cent. In 1931 there were 131 lawyers to each 100,000 people, and we are getting twice as many lawyers as we need to maintain this ratio. By 1940, according to the estimate of Philip J. Wickser, Secretary of the New York Board of Examiners, there will be some 250,000 lawyers in the country.

Whether we concur with the view that there are too many lawyers or not, it must be admitted that both the public and the profession view existing conditions with a discouraged eye. Thousands of young men are coming into a profession which is already feeling the strain of keen internal competition. The intensification of this struggle for existence places an undue strain on professional ethics, particularly in the larger centres where the greatest increase has taken place.

Standards for admission to the bar have been gradually raised; yet in seven States today a man can take the bar examination who has never finished grade school or who has never gone to law school a day in his life, and in more than half of the States no college education is required. In consequence, the law schools are filled up.

President Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, estimated that in 1929 only thirty per cent of our students were enrolled in schools affiliated with the Association of American Law Schools; the majority of them were in schools not approved by the American Bar Association. This approval is contingent upon the adoption of the standards formulated by that association in 1921 under the leadership of Elihu Root. Since 1926 the list of institutions approved by that body has been identical with the membership of the Association of American Law Schools.

The Root programme referred to recommends that admission to the bar be confined to graduates of law schools requiring two years of college study before matriculation and three years of full-time study of law, or four years of part-time study, an adequate library and a sufficient number of instructors. To supplement the work of the Root programme, bar examiners have raised examination standards. In a recent examination in California, eighty per cent of the applicants failed; in February, 1931, Massachusetts failed eighty-one per cent; Utah recently failed seventy-four per cent, and Rhode Island, seventy-five per cent.

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Even so, such measures are ineffective. With the assistance of cram courses and several examinations, the great majority of persistent applicants pass their examinations and are admitted to the bar.

NO SINGLE plan of regulating admission to the bar has achieved completely satisfactory results. Many leaders of bench and bar, including Newton Baker and Elihu Root, insist that an effective programme can be worked out only through an improved bar organization. They would make two changes. First of all, they would enlarge the powers of the State bar association so as to give it complete control over the profession. Secondly, they would strengthen the national bar association by welding together the multiplicity of local associations. The profession could then take some united action with regard to its difficulties.

The first suggestion is based upon the method used in England where the old guild system survives. The English bar is its own supervisor of admission. It can and does restrict its membership. In consequence, the English bar is small, comparatively speaking, and professional standards are high. The English plan has already received some support in this country. Ten States, including California, Alabama, Montana, Mississippi, North Dakota, South Dakota, New Mexico, Idaho, Washington and Utah, have adopted the "corporate" or "all-inclusive" form of bar association, as it is called.

One of the by-products of such a scheme as this might be a bar divided into several grades. The English bar is for practical purposes divided into three levels. The first level after admission to the bar is substantially one of apprenticeship in another lawyer's office. The second stage is that of junior, a lawyer practising on his own account. The third is that of King's counsel, a lawyer with whom a certain minimum of fees is required, who can only act in cases where one lawyer is already employed, or more. In France, a division between the *stagiaire* and the full-fledged advocate is similar in purpose and result. Suggestions for a graded bar in this country usually contemplate: a preliminary period of trial; a probationary junior bar; a senior bar of tried and proven advocates; and a selective process provided by admission to limited bar associations.

So much for the guild plan and its possibilities. Its adoption here may or may not bring about conditions in the profession comparable to those found in England. It should improve matters, however. It certainly affords a better basis for the consolidation of local associations into a strong national organization, something now sadly lacking.

This brings us to the second suggestion. Today the American Bar Association is an association organized largely upon a membership basis, divorced from contacts with other associations, and from the vast majority of the bar. It is unable to meet the problems facing the profession with a united front. Twenty years ago, the American Medical Association was in virtually the same condition. It was unable to influence public opinion, or secure needed legislation. It perfected its organization. It now has 96,000 members, representing approximately sixty

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per cent of the doctors of the country. As its organization developed strength, a corresponding gain was made in the position and standards of the profession.

The lawyers have never been able to achieve such unity. Today there are over fifty State, national and regional bar associations and over 1,200 local groups. There are probably 50,000 lawyers enrolled in State associations. The American Bar Association, after a vigorous campaign under its last president, now has a membership of about 30,000. Bar leaders assert, however, that the bar association has less real control of individual members than a trade union, and less of a lawyer's loyalty than has a secret society, or lunch club. There is little of the guild spirit and no professional bond. Numerous conflicts of interest and points of view keep the lawyers from meeting on a common ground and adopting a collective programme. Unfortunately, the evils which now beset the administration of justice and the legal profession can only be met effectively through such a programme.

The American Bar Association will never be able to accomplish much if it continues its present form of organization. When the smaller groups are merged into one powerful body, efforts may be coördinated and a harmonious professional representation secured. In the meantime, the profession must struggle along as best it can, in a not altogether sympathetic world. The prospects for the immediate future are not bright. The general uncertainty of the time affords small basis for optimism. However, if the economic machinery of the world starts to function smoothly once again and the lawyer puts his house in order, his future condition may be an improved one. It will be a somewhat different one, at any rate.

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Rebuilding the Ruins

By William S. Howe

What can be done with the débris of the Republican party?

The Republican party, which has been the dominating political force since the time of the Civil War, lies prostrate. It has suffered absolutely the worst defeat in the history of our elections. This defeat is not only national, but extends to most of our State governments also. It is the more decisive because it was not due to personalities. We did not lose because of a weak candidate. On the contrary, our candidate possessed intellectual power, immense physical and mental energy, and a unique spirit of wholehearted devotion to the interests of the country. In fact, the party possessed in him a leader such as it has rarely been the good fortune of any political party to have. With such an asset, defeat is all the more overwhelming. What is the future? Some prophets are already proclaiming that the party is doomed to disintegration. The defeat of Hoover, they say, marked the end of an era; just as the great Liberal party of England has been practically wiped off the political map, so will other parties take the place of the Republican.

This article is written in the belief and hope that the party of Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt still has a great future. I recognize that it is faced by severe problems, however, and that there are indeed serious possibilities that it may not survive. I am firmly convinced that it must do more than merely wait for its opponents to make mistakes, and hope to return to power with the same old policies and the same old slogans; revising nothing, retracting nothing, learning nothing. This method will never do. While it is true that Republican policies did not in the main bring on the depression, and while it is true that President Hoover did all that mortal man could do in the economic crisis, particularly in the last eight months, still it is a fact that many of our policies were fundamentally unsound, and the reactionary wing had almost complete control of the party in Congress and throughout the national organization. President Butler of Columbia goes so far as to say: "The simple fact is that since the summer of 1919, the Republican party as represented by the vast majority of its office-holders at Washington, has been moving steadily toward intellectual, moral and political bankruptcy. It has managed

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to get on the wrong side of every important question which confronts the anxious American people." If we wish to live, we must rebuild our party in policy and in spirit.

Before discussing our own peculiar problems, it may be well to hazard one observation applying to public affairs generally. The recent campaign brought vividly to attention one of the greatest dangers to popular self-government. This is that our problems are becoming more and more complicated and the people as a whole less and less trained to deal with them. Economic questions are difficult for those with long and specialized training in the field, and they are almost impossible of comprehension to the average voter. In his Newark speech Alfred E. Smith put it rather bluntly when he admitted that one of the reasons the people were so interested in Prohibition was because they knew what it was about, while tariff, currency, debt and farm relief controversies were entirely beyond their ken. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman states: "The simple masses . . . in all countries demand a simple solution to their complicated troubles." The result is that they are fooled by the most specious and demagogic arguments. Hitler has made almost a majority of the German people feel that the way to cure all their evils is to smite the Jew, and even today a large section of the American people seems to believe that a return of beer will bring happiness into a troubled world. Another tendency is for the people to reject all arguments and all explanations, complex or simple, and to fall back on the rule of voting for the administration in power if their own circumstances are prosperous, and against it if things are not well with them.

Any party to be successful must discover simpler and broader issues, or it must somehow simplify and dramatize its treatment of complex ones, if there is no avoiding of them. If it can neither find simple issues, nor simplify difficult ones, it must boldly declare that certain matters are non-political, beyond the scope of ordinary intelligence, and must advocate putting the formation and application of policy thereto into the hands of experts. The practical difficulty in the way of this last course is that there are constitutional hindrances to delegation of policy and both Congress and the people will be loath to give up direct control. We have never learned in this country the value of the expert in governmental and economic matters. Our whole tendency is to make fun of him, distrust him and abuse him.

The statement may be hazarded that the election of Mr. Roosevelt does mean the end of an era in one respect. There is no longer room for two parties varying little in fundamentals of political and economic outlook. The differences between the Democratic and Republican parties have been based on historical tradition, slogans, shibboleths, racial and geographic prejudices. Their fundamental ideals and their probable courses of action do not differ materially. The tendency of many schools of thought that stand for fundamental change is toward greater or less collectivism. Although the Socialist party itself did not poll a large vote, many of the doctrines it stands for are advocated by an ever

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growing army of scholars, writers and philanthropists. The future conflict, so far as domestic policy is concerned, will likely be between a party basing its fundamental tenets on a capitalistic, individualistic view of society, opposing a party tending more and more to the collectivist, or socialist philosophy.

I hope and believe that the Republican party can survive as the party representing American individualism, private coöperation, and the greatest possible freedom from bureaucratic regulation. I believe the Republican party is better fitted than the Democratic party for this rôle, because on the whole it is more homogeneous, less subject to racial prejudice and contains the largest proportion of the rural and middle classes. It must, however, liberalize itself. The Republican party must be more than the party of Big Business and the Old Guard. It must apply its individualistic philosophy in the firm belief that this will tend to the greatest good of the greatest number, and that, tempered with wise moderation, it will conduce to the happiness, advancement and wisdom of all people.

WHEN we come to a specific programme, the first move might well be one of elimination. The voters so completely repudiated the party that we are under no obligation to consider any policy of the past as holy. They apparently wanted none of our candidates and none of our planks. We can with a free conscience throw into the waste basket anything we wish.

The chief policy which I would advocate consigning to this useful receptacle is that of the protective tariff. I have not the space to go into a wearisome discussion of the old theoretical arguments over protection and free trade. I believe a fair statement of fact, however, is that nine-tenths of the professional economists consider free trade fundamentally sound. This has been tacitly admitted many times by advocates of the protective tariff who have retorted by stating that their argument is based on practical business and practical politics and not on theory. If, however, we can demonstrate that the protective tariff is no longer a good practical procedure, we clear the way for discarding what is admittedly unsound theoretically.

The protective tariff fetish led the Republican party into a political blind alley. We demanded that the European debts be paid — and personally I believe we were right in this demand — and at the same time by means of our tariff weapon we refused to let them be paid in the only method possible, namely an excess of imports over exports. We can not have our cake and eat it too. We must either cancel the debt or repudiate our tariff policy. Furthermore, there is an important element in the Republican party itself beginning to oppose the tariff on practical grounds. In the past the business interests on which the Republican party largely depended have been in the main pro-tariff. At present, however, some of the most important banking interests and manufacturing concerns who are interested largely in foreign markets are beginning to oppose the tariff. Probably the automobile industry, which is against the tariff, employs more men and is

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a greater factor in the general industrial condition than any industry at present favoring a protective tariff. The efforts to aid the farmer by putting a tariff on what he has a surplus of and exports is putting the cart before the horse and is a complete absurdity. The way to assist the farmer is to allow him to buy his products in a free market. The farmer sells in a free market and buys in a market where the prices are artificially increased. Instead of contriving all sorts of fantastic schemes to give him artificial protection in turn, the simple remedy is to remove the advantage of the one who sells him.

The Hawley-Smoot tariff bill was the greatest mistake of the Hoover Administration. While it is true, as President Hoover pointed out in his campaign speeches, that the actual percentage of increase, or the actual proportion of world trade affected thereby, was not great, nevertheless, it started a whole train of vicious consequences. It threw the United States upon the side of complete economic nationalism, when, if her powerful influence had been cast the other way, England would have remained on the free trade basis, and many other countries might also have been won over. It served notice on the world that we intended to buy nothing which we could make ourselves, regardless of our own interests, and regardless of the interests of anybody else. The Hawley-Smoot bill only passed by a small margin; many Republicans who voted for it privately expressed the opinion that it was a political mistake and few would have been terribly disappointed if it had been vetoed. President Hoover signed the mandate for his later defeat when he signed this bill. He missed the opportunity not only to make a sound move internationally and nationally, but to retain the support of some of the Western Progressive leaders. He aligned himself too definitely with those Senators and Congressmen who had the reputation of being completely reactionary.

Considering once more the purely practical side, the Republican party, based, as was said above, mainly on the middle and professional and agricultural groups, would be favoring its own members largely by a low tariff policy. The first two of these classes and the small farmer approach problems primarily from the point of view of the consumer and they would be the first to feel the advantage of a low tariff. The industrial classes and wage earners, for whom the Republican tariff policy is supposedly designed, are overwhelmingly Democratic. Almost invariably it is the large urban sections, the big mill cities and sections where labor influence is most powerful that are strongly Democratic. The mill cities of Massachusetts went overwhelmingly for Roosevelt. From the point of view, therefore, of world policy, of American policy as a whole, and of the particular practical welfare of the elements forming the chief strength of the Republican party, a low, rather than a high tariff policy is logical.

Every now and then a great party has to reverse its stand on some question rather completely. The Democrats got on the wrong side of the free silver question and they

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eventually had to repudiate their stand before they could get squared away on their course again. The Republicans should do the same with this tariff question boldly, now that the time is ripe. If the party lacks the courage to do this, it might ease its way out of the difficulty through its favorite device of a Tariff Commission. The party could advocate extension of the duties of the present Tariff Commission so as to make an exhaustive and conclusive investigation of all the factors underlying international trade (at present it is limited merely to finding out the difference in cost of production here and abroad). If it were to do this, and able, impartial economists were appointed to the Commission, there is no doubt that it would report and recommend measures which would relegate the protective tariff policy to the past. The platform could then trail along accordingly.

I believe that the opportunities of the Republican party to take a sound course of action in this great issue are exceptionally good, because I have no confidence that the Democratic party will do anything of the sort. Although it is supposed to stand for lower tariffs than the Republicans, there is no evidence that it possesses the strength or coherence or conviction to resist the outcry of special interests, which will be necessary if the tariff is to be lowered. Mr. Roosevelt took "back water" entirely on the tariff question in the campaign. After enunciating in his early speeches a rather sound doctrine of low tariffs, he fled entirely from this position when President Hoover began to pound it, and stated that he believed in tariffs for agriculture, and that he did not believe in doing anything to hurt American business. The Democratic party is no longer a free trade party. It is simply a hodgepodge of opportunism on this question.

LET us discuss for a moment some of the questions on which Republican policy already tends to be fundamentally sound, but which possibly should be modified and reëmphasized.

There is a great class of vital questions which perhaps can be grouped under the name of regulation of business. This includes railroads, banking, public utilities, antitrust laws, etc. The Democratic policy tends in the main to attack business problems by going back to the past. Woodrow Wilson stood strongly for, and his Administration passed, a series of laws tending to restrict consolidations, to break up monopolies and in general to enforce competition whether competition was economically sound or not. Mr. Roosevelt in his earlier speeches laid a good deal of stress on regulating holding companies, preventing stock speculation, discouraging high pressure salesmanship of foreign bonds and regulating harmful business practices. He seemed to feel that correction of these constitutes a fundamental remedy, whereas logic would indicate that they are comparatively trivial factors.

I believe that the Republican party should recognize that size, consolidation, sometimes monopoly, are the natural outcome of economic evolution. We should try to prevent any restriction of fair business op-

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portunity, but we should not try to break up into component parts things that form a logical unity. In the campaign of 1912, Theodore Roosevelt opposed to the Wilson doctrine of enforced competition a scheme whereby we should extend a régime of regulation rather than of destruction through law suit. Roosevelt would have subjected industry to supervision and regulation by means of a commission or commissions similar to the present Federal Trade Commission and Interstate Commerce Commission. I believe the Republican party should work along these lines. It should demand the revision or repeal of antiquated laws, such as the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and some of the laws passed during the Wilson Administration. It should endeavor to turn our business organization and our business leaders into instruments for general progress. It should bring home to American business its great responsibilities for the progress of all the people. If it goes at the task in the spirit of fair regulation, I believe that American business leadership will respond.

The Republican party should stand strongly against any attempt to depart from the gold standard, to inflate the currency, or to give silver any undue rôle in the monetary situation. In this policy, needless to say, it is only following out its best traditions, as expressed in this and previous campaigns. The Democrats, on the other hand, face herein their greatest danger. As they are about to take office, they will be faced by a budget still unbalanced. They have made an unnecessary and unwise political promise to reduce expenditures twenty-five per cent. I doubt whether the rank and file of their party will have the political steadfastness necessary to balance the budget. If they do not, if the time comes when they no longer can borrow, the crisis will be upon us. There will be all sorts of specious arguments for inflation or for revaluation of the dollar. The Republican party must stand against any such measures. There is at present sufficient gold in the world to underlie the necessary currency and credit structure in the world's business. New sources of gold supply are being discovered constantly — 1928 and 1929 proved that the present gold supply could easily support a price level much higher than ours is now. The return to higher prices, which we all agree is necessary if debtors are to pay their debts, can come about when business expands normally and wisely, and under the stimulation of natural causes. Any artificially induced price increase would lead to greater evils than those it seeks to remedy.

THE agricultural problem, distressing as it actually is, does not in principle lend itself to any unusual devices. The equalization fee, the export debenture, the allotment plan, are all schemes for deliberately subsidizing one class of people at the expense of the country as a whole. The stabilization corporations of the recent Administration have rightly been targets for criticism, but essentially they only have tried to do what these other plans contemplate — use the Treasury to uphold agricultural prices. If the tariff on industry is removed, the argument of the

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farmer that he should be singled out for special attention just as much as the manufacturer and wage earner is invalidated.

The Hoover Farm Board has done splendid work in the formation of large coöperative societies. This will assist the farmer to secure for himself some of the undoubtedly exorbitant charges for distributing his products. He is favored at the expense of the middleman, and this is probably sound policy. It is unfortunate that the stabilization failure, which was spectacular, has obscured the coöperative organization, which was fundamental, but not dramatic. The Republican party can be proud of President Hoover's success in a better organization of farm buying and selling agencies. The Republican party should endorse this work and promise its wider application in the future. The normal influences are gradually tending to help the farmer. As normal traffic returns to the railroads, it may be possible to lower rates on farm products, and this, like his coöperatives, will help him to obtain a larger share of the ultimate retail price of his products.

Most important of all, interest rates, which are the greatest burden on the farmer, as well as on the merchant and the home owner, must eventually fall. Although the slowest to respond, interest rates are subject to the law of deflation like everything else. Even now, capital is accumulating in immense quantities in some of the larger financial institutions. They can not find profitable avenues of short term liquid investment, and hence ultimately a large part of this capital will seek long term investment, for the sake of the higher return. This will tend to reduce interest rates on sound mortgages, both of the farm and home owner.

Every liberality that can be given by Government institutions dealing with farmers, both in the way of lower interest rates and more lenient principal payments, is to be encouraged, and all parties agree on this. Remove the tariff, assist the natural tendency to lower interest rates, assist in the attaining of lower transportation charges and local taxes, and facilitate the further organization of widespread coöperative marketing — these are simple, logical and natural remedies for the agricultural situation. There should, of course, be some sort of an advisory board, commission or department whose duty it should be to survey the general situation, discourage the utilization of land for products of which there already is a surplus, encourage reforestation and generally plan a better employment of our agricultural resources.

One of the great problems crying for urgent attention is taxation. At the present time there are Federal income taxes and many different kinds of State income taxes; there are a Federal inheritance tax and many different kinds of State inheritance taxes; there are all sorts of overlapping excise taxes; there are local taxes on real estate, which bears a burden far beyond its just proportion. The general property tax, which is unduly harsh and not based on ability to pay, should be lowered and revised. This vast subject of public finance should be straightened out. There should be an effort, not only to lighten the

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burden of taxation, but to simplify it and harmonize it, so that each unit of government has its own proper sphere and is not working at cross purposes with other units.

In order to formulate a proper programme toward these complex economic questions which so puzzle the voter, yet bulk large in our national welfare, and hence in our political campaigns, the Republican party should set up a council composed of some of its most eminent leaders, with a staff of able economists, experts and specialists. This council should have the duty of devising and setting forth an economic programme designed for the interests of the country, the only restraint upon their complete freedom of action being that this programme should be planned primarily from the individualistic point of view, rather than the socialistic. This does not mean that it should hesitate to recommend some single measure, simply because this seems to have a socialistic tinge, but it does mean a recognition of the intensely individualistic spirit of Americans and the advantages of progressing under the individual system as long as possible. The council should take as long as necessary in working out the programme, possibly eighteen months or two years. At the end of that time it should present a report for discussion by the national and local organizations of the Republican party. Thus would exist an expert foundation for political strategy. We would have a comprehensive coördinated programme, with harmonious aims, instead of the hit or miss conglomeration we have at present. This report of the council, modified by the discussions of local committees, district councils, national gatherings, etc., would then be the basis of the party platform in the next national convention. Only if the party adapts its measures to modern life and employs all the skill and science possible in formulating its programme, as any great business organization would do, can it rightfully ask for consideration of the voters.

I now come to probably the most important and interesting question — that of the foreign policy to be advocated by the Republican party. Neither Mr. Hoover nor Mr. Roosevelt devoted a single paragraph in all his campaign speeches to foreign policy as such, yet I venture the opinion that, pressing as our domestic troubles seem to be, the great issues of the next two decades will be those of foreign policy. I have no patience with the policy of isolation. We are in a great and changing and in some ways a chaotic world. It is a world ever becoming more unified. We could not isolate ourselves if we wished; if we wished, it would not be advantageous to ourselves; even if advantageous to ourselves, it would imply a complete shirking of the responsibilities which we, as the richest and most powerful country, owe to mankind in its constant upward struggle.

Although I do not believe in isolation, I do not think the proper course is to join the League of Nations, or to entangle ourselves too much in the strict legalistic machinery that has been devised since the War, partly to provide

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peace, and partly to uphold the *status quo* and the territorial supremacy of some powers. I have no quarrel with the League of Nations, the World Court (which I believe we could enter with profit), the Kellogg Pact, the various treaties for arbitration and conciliation, or any other part of the so-called peace machinery elaborated in the last fourteen years. My chief criticism is that it is too rigid, it does not allow for change and progress, and it might very conceivably be used to enforce peace at the expense of justice. It is largely designed to penalize any one who breaks the peace, but has little effectiveness in righting the conditions which may have induced some nation to break the peace. We should coöperate with various international agencies as the cases arise, where we believe their efforts tend to produce both justice and peace. We should hesitate to commit ourselves to a definite procedure in advance.

The most vital foreign problem is the Far Eastern situation. It will still vex the world when intergovernmental debts have been forgotten. The Republican party formulated and has maintained our Oriental policy. Its fundamental thesis is that the conquest and domination of China's four hundred million people by any outside power would be a menace to world trade, world stability and world progress, as well as to our own special Pacific interests. Our doctrine for preventing this has been the "Open Door" and maintenance of China's territorial and administrative integrity. John Hay enunciated these principles and secured the adherence of the powers to them in 1900, thus staving off the Russian menace and the imminent danger of a partition of China. Charles E. Hughes and his coworkers emphasized, clarified and enlarged these same principles in the Nine-Power Treaty of the Washington Conference in President Harding's term, again saving China — this time from Japan.

Now the most serious threat of all has arisen in the Manchurian difficulty. Again a Republican Secretary of State has stepped into the breach. Secretary Stimson has assumed the lead of all the forces — chiefly moral and intangible up to now — which are opposing Japan. Our attitude has put heart into the League and given hope to China. People may differ as to whether the "non-recognition" policy is the best method of procedure, but there should be general approval of his attempts to do something and not let affairs drift aimlessly. The Republican party should use all its influence to see that our basic Far Eastern policy, modified if necessary in detail by changing conditions, should be firmly continued.

Let no American think of this as something distant and academic. Among the many causes bringing about the world depression, not the least was the disorder in the Far East. Few remedies would so help to bring us out of our economic difficulties as the opening to peaceful development of this greatest of all potential markets. Even under present handicaps our Oriental trade is almost three times that with South America, in spite of our vast investments in that continent and our assiduous efforts to promote closer

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relations between its people and ours.

This article has dealt with principles and not men. I am not disturbed by the frequent lament that our party has few vigorous, colorful and progressive leaders. Neither do I worry over the alleged lack of appeal to young men and women. If our policies are sound, we will find the necessary commanders in the next four years. If we avoid all political sham, planning for the future with logic and courage, youth will flock to us. If we treat our defeat, not as a mere accident, but as a golden opportunity to purify and reorganize, we once more will win the power to serve and to achieve.

Pines in the Sun

By Helen Augur

The quietness of pines on a still day
When they stand motionless, no breath, no sigh
Stirring their boughs, gray-green against a sky
Of cloudless, burning blue. Faint, far away
Down their mysterious corridors, shadow-filled,
The hush is broken by a sudden singing —
A veery's silver flute-notes softly ringing —
Then deeper silence as his song is stilled.

I, who have heard pines moaning, seen them sway
Storm-tossed, and felt them tremble, thunder-riven —
Felt terror through their shuddering fibres driven —
I draw deep breaths of peace and know that they,
In quiet thankfulness for victories won,
Burn incense to their god, the summer sun.

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Journey Down the Corridor

By William C. White

Where birth rates are a key to Europe's peace

"There is no truth — only arguments on both sides, bordered by swamps of statistics," Baron von Geuke said.

He and I were traveling on the Riga-Warsaw express, through the tundra-like land of east Poland. Our compartment was filled with Polish officers, returning from leave. The Baron, a Lett, had talked the whole day of the problems of Eastern Europe. He not only hated the Poles but the Germans as well.

"A piece of land, forty to a hundred miles wide, sixty miles long, of little intrinsic value, was once nominally Polish. Then the Germans took it and held it for a hundred and fifty years. The Peace of Versailles returned it to Poland and separated East Prussia from Germany proper. The Corridor gives Poland a seacoast and control of both sides of the Vistula River, the eastern boundary of the Corridor — all but the mouth of the river where lies the Free City of Danzig, overwhelmingly German in population."

The Polish officers stared curiously at the Baron. They marked the cynicism in his voice although they could not understand his words. They were a handsome group, their uniforms so bedecked with gold braid that it seemed that their ranks were designated rather by the thickness of the gilded wrapping than by its designs.

"And because two nations can not have the same piece of land at the same time, Europe must have either the Polish Corridor separating Germany or a German barrier cutting Poland off from the sea. There is no solution, barring a Heaven-sent earthquake, so long as the conflict of national desires remains. Some ancient Swede a little while ago proposed digging a tunnel under the Corridor for the Germans. That would be fine, but the Poles would insist on having a tunnel under the German tunnel and so on, down to the gates of Hell itself. Then they would argue over the ownership of Hell!

"Pay no attention to what they tell you in Warsaw or in Berlin about the rights of each to the territory. Both sides interpret the facts to suit their own ambitions. Rights, in abstract, will not settle the problem. Remember that German foreign policy, *Realpolitik*, is far-sighted and that fifty years are a short period. East Prussia is the holiest of Ger-

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man territories, the birthplace of modern Germany, and it will not be forever left desolate, although its population has been decreasing for twenty years. Remember that, for the moment at least, the French support the Poles. And remember only one set of statistics — the birth rate figures in Poland and in Germany. Therein you will find one bit of the truth about the Corridor problem."

THE Foreign Office in Warsaw was more than friendly. I also found that one warning of the Baron's was most timely: "Don't mention the word 'Corridor' at the Foreign Office. They refuse to admit that there is such a thing. For them it is just a part of Poland. Call it the 'so-called Corridor' or '*pomorze*,' 'the seacoast.'"

"American journalists coming to Warsaw for information about Poland are rare," the Polish attaché began. "Most of them get their information in Berlin. Not a single American newspaper keeps a native American correspondent here, in this most important European capital! No wonder you hear only the German point of view!"

Questions of mine about the Corridor tapped a flood of information. From every possible point of view the "so-called Corridor" was claimed for Poland. Historically — he illustrated his remarks with maps made, as he carefully pointed out, in Germany — the territory of the "so-called Corridor" was admittedly part of Poland in 1100 A.D., 1400 A.D. and 1770 A.D. Ethnographically, Poles predominated everywhere now except in Danzig with its overwhelming German population. But a Slavic people, along the shores of the Baltic, the Kashubes, "indubitably pro-Polish," set the balance finally in favor of Poland.

"There was no plebiscite when Poland took the so-called Corridor in 1919," the attaché admitted, "but even if there had been, the vote would have been in favor of Poland. And today —" there was a most innocent tone in his voice — "many of the Germans have moved out."

The economic reasons why Poland should have the territory followed. "The Vistula River, flowing through Warsaw, is Poland's sole water outlet to the sea. Danzig is at the mouth of the river. That, with all the seacoast, must not be in German hands, for if she had it she would strangle us. Germans hate us! They would like to see all Poles wiped out of existence. But we are a sovereign State and what first class power is there without a seacoast? So Danzig today is a Free City and we have forty miles of coast. Only forty miles, and look at the hundreds of miles which Germany has! Without that coast, our exports and imports would be at the mercy of Germany."

There were endless statistics to prove all points. In summary I was told, "Germany's chief desire to get the so-called Corridor back is due to prestige. It is not nice to have your nation divided — that we admit — but our economic interests are more vital than those of Germany's feelings. The fat, square-headed East Prussians do not like to have to ride across Poland when they go to Berlin *auf den Bummel*, although we give them plenty of trains,

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no passport control, and twice as much space as is needed. East Prussia is dying, has always been dying, and holding it is only a matter of prestige for Germany.

"We are satisfied. We are content with our boundaries. All the talk about the so-called Corridor comes from Berlin. We shall keep the peace. But Germany, always the trouble-maker in Europe, continues to stir up muddy waters! Oh yes, there are some more statistics I want to show you. It is so rare to have an American come. . . ."

After four hours my head was reeling and I returned to my hotel. I found that the Foreign Office had already sent to my room twenty-three books on various phases of the Corridor question, in four different languages.

"A comic people, these Poles, *nicht wahr?*" a German correspondent asked me in the Hotel Europe.

He could tell countless funny stories to prove it. There was a tale, for instance, of the anti-Semitic riots then current in Warsaw University. They began, so the story went, in Krakow, where forty per cent of the students are Jewish. One fair day the Gentiles noticed that among all the cadavers supplied to the anatomy department, not one was Hebraic. Thereupon they struck, refusing to go to class until forty per cent of the laboratory material should be Jewish. The Jews refused to hear of such a thing and rioting began. It spread to Warsaw and, for a time, the university there had to be closed.

"A comical people, these Poles," the German repeated. "In the thirty million people in Poland only twenty million are Poles. The rest are minority peoples. Yet the Poles are ambitious to be one of the leading powers of Europe. That aspiration is behind all their actions. Europe's great powers — Germany, France, Italy — and Poland! How's that for anti-climax? *Ach, es ist so komisch!* And they can't even govern themselves! They have forty political parties in their Parliament now, just as in Frederick the Great's time, when Europe had to divide Poland to rule it. . . ."

Eventually our conversation turned to the question of the Corridor. The German spoke of it in the tone in which an obstetrician discusses monstrosities. "It was always German soil. We ruled it from 1773 until 1918. Now it separates us, a sovereign State. It wouldn't be so bad if it were any other people than the Poles! Why does Poland need a seaport at all? Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Hungary have no seaports! No, the Poles are an ambitious and arrogant people! Yet every famous Pole has left the soil of the filthy land behind him — Chopin in Paris, Conrad in England, even Paderewski keeping his home in Switzerland . . .

"*Komisch* . . ."

The Polish Foreign Office suggested that an attaché accompany me through the Corridor, making their offer so forceful that it was impossible to refuse. The guide, a Polish Jew, met me at the midnight train from Warsaw to Posnan. He was most cheerful, looking forward to a few days' vacation from his office desk, at Government expense. He promised that in every city we

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should get the Lord Mayor's car and drive around as we wished. He kept his promise. In the two large cities of the Corridor, Posnan, Torun, and later from the Polish Commissioner's office in Danzig, he requisitioned the official Daimler, no matter what other plans the Mayor or his wife may have had for the day.

My guide talked continually of his country and its future. "Think of us Polish people, now united, after being separated for a hundred and fifty years. We kept our nationality and our language alive during that time. We are a vigorous, healthy people!" His conversation often led to one sentence, "We Poles had a university (Krakow) when the German peoples were still barbarians, sitting on logs!"

In every town and city which we touched during four days he carefully pointed out the antiquities that were Polish, ancient buildings and exquisite churches dating from the Middle Ages, whose existence is virtually unknown outside Poland. "Few foreigners ever come to our country to see what we have," he ceaselessly lamented. "We are not barbarians but cultured people. If only Americans would visit us you would realize in your country what the so-called Corridor means to us and German propaganda would not take root among you."

We stopped at cemeteries while he pointed out tombstones of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries with their inscriptions in Polish. "And the Germans say their influence was always predominant here," he added. Frequently he took the local phone books and directories and asked me to notice the lack of German names, adding, "Today the whole territory is Polish, you see."

My guide took me, in Posnan, to see a recently erected statue of Wilson, showing an awkward figure, seeming about to stumble forward. "To him we owe the so-called Corridor. There was a man who appreciated Poland!"

The Mayor's Daimler took us to Torun, called Thorn before 1918, where the pre-War boundaries of Germany and Russia used to meet. We drove out of the city to see the ruins of a castle where seven hundred years before a Polish lord had lived in a miniature Kenilworth. *En route* we passed the huge fortifications which the Germans had built, where German guns had once faced east into Russia. Today the guns have been turned around, to face west in this first fortification to save Warsaw. Questions of mine about the fort were carefully and thoughtfully unheard.

The flat countryside was gray beneath the scurrying clouds of autumn. The harvest was in, the earth was at rest. The farms seemed prosperous but needed a coat of whitewash. Passing one particularly clean place my guide said, "There live the descendants of a family which has been there in unbroken line since 900 A.D. Can Germany boast of such a family?"

Again he spoke of Polish culture. "The Germans have the advantage over us. Your people know their language and you know their classics. It is our misfortune that our language is so difficult. Our great writers are unknown to you, but we have Sienkevicz, one of the world's great novelists, and Adam Mieskevicz, one

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of the world's greatest poets. Polish culture . . ."

The priest in one small town had been told of our presence and had forthwith issued a dinner invitation which was almost a royal command. We arrived too late for dinner but had evening tea. He was a man nearing seventy, his face unwrinkled, amazingly young. He had a sister in a convent in America. She had sent him a felt pennant stamped "Welcome to Niagara Falls" which hung on the wall of his study beside a picture of "The Bleeding Heart of Jesus."

His chief interest in America was in Prohibition and he asked many questions while he served two kinds of wine and cognac. His chief pride in his village was in the rising birth rate and he spoke paternally of the increasing number of youngsters in his parish. He was proud, too, of the Eighteenth Century ornaments and gowns in his church. For two hours he showed them to us. Some of them, done in gold thread, weighed more than fifty pounds and he regretted that he was too feeble to wear them through the long service of the mass. To show to better advantage the altar, decorated with a great profusion of paper flowers, he turned on all the lights of the church, rather embarrassing the half hundred people gathered for evening prayer.

As we passed out of the church he pointed to one spot in the floor. "Beneath this stone I shall be buried," he said simply. "In Polish soil! I am glad that I have lived long enough to see Poland regain what is her own." He escorted us to our car and added, "We shall never give up one inch of Polish soil to the Germans, not one inch. I have heard stories that they are arming, over there in East Prussia, to take it, but we shall not give them one inch!"

He turned back to the church. A crowd of little children ran out to greet him.

We turned toward Danzig, driving over a narrow, tree-lined highway through the misty rain of an autumn night. We stopped at Tschev, once called Dirschau, the most important railroad centre in the Corridor. Here the main German line between Berlin and East Prussia meets the rail connection for Danzig. Here is the passport control for any one coming from Germany and getting off in the Corridor.

An official welcomed us and, while hunting for statistics on railroad transportation, spoke of his work. "We have few complaints from the Germans. The expresses go through with no Polish examination so long as the passengers do not get off. Freight goes through on time. There are numbers of Germans still living here, although many have moved away. They seem satisfied and live side by side with the Poles. Our chief trouble is with the Hitlerites in Danzig. They come down to the border of the Free State where it touches the outskirts of my town and hold their meetings — provocation!

"And there is always provocation. The Germans try to arouse us into action then whine, 'The Poles are persecuting us!' There was a meeting of the *Stahlhelm*, one of Germany's civil military groups, announced for a town near the Polish border. We protested to the German Foreign Office and were told that this was a private non-official organization and

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that nothing could be done about it. So a few Poles went over as observers. The Germans promptly arrested them as spies! 'Private' — 'non-official!'

"Now here are the statistics on railroad travel. . . ."

A DELEGATION from the Port authorities waited on us at the hotel the next morning. The Poles and the Germans share equally in the administration of the Port and there were two Poles and two Germans in the group. An official motor boat was at our disposal. The Poles did most of the talking as we threaded through the complicated channels of the harbor. They took particular pride in pointing out the new automatic coal-loading machinery which had been erected only a few years ago. "Statistics will show that Danzig is shipping out five times the amount of tonnage that left before the War," one of the Poles said. The Germans nodded. "The charges that Danzig is a dying city are false," the Pole continued. The Germans said nothing.

Except at the coal-loading wharves, the harbor seemed dead. The ways in the shipyards were green with moss. The huge cranes stretched across the sullen sky like scarecrows in drought-marred fields. Along the quays crowds of men were idling. The cast of a fisherman's line occasionally broke the quietness of the gray water.

While walking back to our hotel, the Poles went ahead and the Germans fell back with me. Immediately, in low voices, they began a chorus of complaint. "Don't believe what the Poles have just told you. Danzig is a dying city. More tonnage is shipped out, yes, but almost all of it is coal, and you saw this morning how few men are necessary to run those machines. The Poles are building their own port at Gdynia, ten miles to the west. And Danzig harbors are idle and Danzig burghers. And our poor city budget must take care of all our unemployed. We have no state or nation to help us! The Poles on the Harbor Board keep the rates higher here than in Gdynia so that ships will come in there. There is no future for us unless we are united to Germany. Now the goods we manufacture must pay duty when they are sent into Germany. We have no markets, we have no future — we have only Poles, the interlopers! Factories have moved away. Even the well-known liquor factory, making the most famous Danziger Goldwater, has moved into Germany!"

"An interesting morning?" my guide asked.

"Yes, but why did both Poles and Germans come with us?"

"That's a rule of the Harbor Board," he replied, innocently. "Neither side will trust the other to take any foreigners around, so members from both sides must go."

In the afternoon we went out to Gdynia, led by Polish officials without any German appendices following. A bustling town has been erected in the midst of the Baltic sand dunes where less than ten years ago there were only the huts of Kashubian fishermen. The architecture of the town is of the Neo-American-Stucco-Garage style of 1926. Breakwaters, docks, wharves, piers, a few factories — all new — make it seem

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like a Western boom town. At one pier a large liner was about to leave for New York. At the edge of one breakwater a dingy battleship, the only one in the Polish navy, was riding at anchor. It had been bought second-hand from the French and from a distance it seemed that the French had got the better of the bargain.

"You have heard the Germans say that we are building this new port, at great expense, in order to strangle Danzig?" one of the Poles asked me. "It is the city of Danzig itself which is responsible for our building Gdynia. In 1920, when we were at war with Russia, Danzig refused to permit us to land ammunition, no matter how great our need was, with the Bolsheviki at the gates of Warsaw. We are building Gdynia, at great expense, that such a thing may never happen again. If Danzig loses some of her trade, well — let her remember 1920! And remember that the great *hinterland* of Danzig and of all East Prussia is lost — Russia! It is not the Corridor which impoverishes that district; it is Soviet Russia, with her boundaries closed to foreign trade!"

WANTING some information about the people who dwell on the sides of the Corridor, I phoned from Danzig to an official in one of the East Prussian towns and asked for an appointment. I tried to assure my Polish guide that he could enjoy himself in Danzig while I went over to East Prussia but he was a trifle curious about my plans and refused politely to hear of such a thing. "Whither you go, there shall I go," he said fraternally. It seemed a bit embarrassing, however, to take an official from the Polish Foreign Office, even incognito, on a visit to a German official.

The train from Danzig passed Tschev and crossed to the green fields and by the red-tiled roofs of East Prussia. My guide, now "abroad," asked pointed questions about my plans but I preferred for the moment to talk about the landscape. Finally I did explain my predicament and he agreed to stay at the Polish Consulate in the little town while I visited the German official. But he seemed a bit suspicious, now that Poland was on the distant horizon and not under foot.

The German official was most charming and hospitable. He could speak with quiet authority, charm and calm fascination on every subject except that of the Poles. Then it was that his eyes flamed and the search for expletives grew hot.

"Uncivilized barbarians," he began. "Illiterates, who breed like guinea pigs. The Corridor is an outrage for a sensitive people like the Germans to have to submit to. The Poles have driven all the Germans out of the Corridor. Their banks have foreclosed on German factories and now Poles possess them. The Poles have no right to the Corridor. History? Let me show you a map — the Germans have first claim to it." (I thought of the maps I had seen in Warsaw.) "There —" he gave me a hand-drawn map — "see all that land colored green? That is all German, as shown by researches of archeologists as of 500 B.C.

"The Corridor means that East Prussia is dying, cut off from the mainland. Would you Americans

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like a Corridor, running through New England, giving Boston to Canada, and cutting Maine off from the rest of your country? East Prussia used to ship a lot of cattle to Berlin. Now they must go across the Corridor. The Poles delay the cars, don't feed the cows and every animal loses greatly in weight before it reaches the Berlin market. We ship vegetables — and the Poles delay the cars so that good cabbage arrives rotten in Germany."

He pointed to a map. "The Corridor looks like a spot of ink misplaced on the map to you Americans. For us it is real, a part of our daily lives. I heard yesterday of a young German living over here whose mother still resides in the Corridor. He wanted to go home but the Poles would give him no visa. Never to go home, because of this cursed Corridor!"

He stopped, to call his automobile. Most hospitably he was going to drive me through the surrounding territory. "The Poles are an arrogant people who grind down the masses, encouraging them to breed and breed more children — cannon fodder. Both Government and Church combine to encourage the production of more Poles! At the same time the Polish Government helps its people to migrate over into East Prussia; there are many who have come. They have their eye on owning this territory some day. They can never forget that once Poland claimed territory from Riga to the Black Sea."

I asked him for his solution to the problem.

"Restore the Germans," he said. "We know how to rule. The Poles have no social insurance for their people and do none of the things which our Government does for its citizens. There are thousands of Poles in the Corridor who would welcome the return of German rule. They pay back-breaking taxes today to help a conceited militaristic Government throw money away, as at Gdynia, for example. The fools, they never stopped to think in building that port that the worst storms on the Baltic come from the northeast. They picked a spot totally unfit for a port and opened most of their breakwaters to the northeast so that they have had to rebuild, at frightful expense, much of their first work. All to satisfy their conceit — a sovereign State must have its own seaport! And Danzig dies! Gdynia has no waterway leading to it. All freight must be moved by rail. Show me a successful port that is not at the mouth of a river!"

The car was waiting and we started off.

"The worst indignity of all," he continued after giving the chauffeur directions, "is that the Poles were given complete control of the Vistula River. Instead of drawing the boundary line of the Corridor down the middle of the river as would be done at any honest peace conference, the line was drawn to give the Poles eight and ten feet and sometimes more of East Prussian soil, on the right bank. That means that we people of East Prussia have no access to the river, not even to take a bath or to water a horse. What could be more ridiculous? There is one point of access, eight feet wide, where we can cross or ship goods out by boat. But all along the bank of our river are Polish guards."

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We passed an ancient red brick church and he ordered the chauffeur to stop. He pointed to the church wall and said, "Do you see that round stone ball in the wall? That's a cannon ball still embedded there, fired during some battle or other between the Poles and the Germans three or four hundred years ago. The Poles, you know, defeated the Teutonic Knights at Tannenburg, near here, in 1410. If only we had won that battle!"

He hesitated for a moment. "You will pardon my saying so but it was your President Wilson who was directly responsible for all this Corridor mess. He was impressed by the one or two cultured Poles that he met and charmed by Paderewski's piano playing. He did not know them as a nation of uncultured guinea pigs. The French used Wilson for their own purposes. They wanted a thorn in the east side of Germany and Clemenceau created the Corridor. Wilson could have prevented it. And France gave to Poland control of the right bank of the Vistula in order that there might be a place for bridgeheads in case of war. Poland with French support behind her can act in arrogant fashion now while we Germans submit and East Prussia dies."

Back at his house an hour later I bade him farewell. He sent me to the station in his car. Rather stupidly I asked the chauffeur not to take me to the station but to drop me at the Polish Consulate where I could pick up my Polish guide, now long stranded. He was waiting and we rode back to Danzig through the gray dusk.

"So the German thinks that to restore German rule would solve the so-called Corridor problem?" he asked, after trying to learn what I had heard. "He forgets that we Poles had German rule for a hundred and fifty years. Their language was made compulsory. Any Polish child who was heard speaking one word of Polish was made to stand in a corner for several hours. We know German rule, thank you!"

He looked across the darkened fields of East Prussia. "A pretty land, isn't it? You know, once we Poles controlled all of Europe from Riga to the Black Sea. In those days we owned East Prussia. . . ."

THE Foreign Office in Berlin had been "informed" of my presence in East Prussia. They were "most eager to see me," I learned, on my return to the German capital.

An attaché was very polite. "We are glad when any interest is shown in the Corridor problem," he began. "We just wanted to make sure that you would hear both sides." For several hours he talked of the history, the ethnography, the economics and the politics of Eastern Europe.

The next day the Foreign Office sent me nine books, all in English, on the Corridor situation and its history.

I met Baron von Geuke a few days later in Berlin. He asked me of my impressions. "You are a bit confused in finding where the truth does lie?" he smiled. "Did you ask about the birth rate statistics? The German birth rate these days is standing practically still, you know. But in the last ten years Poland's population has jumped from twenty-seven million to thirty-two million. They

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have the largest birth rate in Europe. Does that tell you anything? Five million increase in ten years? There are sixty million Germans today — twice the number of people in Poland. In fifty years. . . .

"For a thousand years the Germans have been repelling the Slavic wave on the east. They fought in peat bogs with clubs, they fought on battle fields with arms, they fight in council halls with treaties. That fight, between Teuton and Slav, never ceases. Ever on, to the west, comes the threat of the Slavs. And the Poles of all people are the most difficult to absorb. They always remain Polish — even the second generation in your own American cities. Now the Slavs have the Corridor, thanks to France, a knife thrust in Germany's defense on the east.

"Did you notice comparative prices in Danzig and Gdynia? Numerically they are alike. Eight hours' work in Danzig — eight gulden. Eight hours' work in Gdynia — eight zloty. A goose in Danzig, four gulden; in Gdynia, four zloty. But a gulden is worth twenty cents and a zloty ten. That difference expresses the disparity between the German and the Polish standard of living. The Pole can live, thrive — and breed — on one-half the amount the German needs!

"Do you wonder that the German speaks bitterly of the Pole? Time is in the Poles' favor. Already there are Polish settlements on the German sides of the Corridor, in Pomerania, in East Prussia."

He paused for a final generalization.

"There is an explanation for the bitterness about the Corridor. It goes deeper than anger at the rule that German officers, traveling by train across the territory, must check their swords in the baggage cars! Deeper than rotting cabbage, river banks, or the need for a harbor.

"When a German hates a Frenchman he hates him as a human being. When a German hates a Pole he hates him as a bedbug which ought to be stamped out — immediately. Don't think the Poles don't know it. They know their constitutional inability to rule decently, without excesses. They suffer from the finest inferiority complex in Europe. All their talk about 'Polish culture' . . .

"When you think of the Corridor and its problems," he concluded, "think of a German camp behind a log stockade in the deep forest, beside one of the Mazurian lakes. 'Numerous rumors are brought to them,' as Caesar put it, 'and they are likewise informed by messengers,' that that tribe of fair-haired people, with the thick-tongued speech, the Poles, are advancing!"

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The Island War

By W. A. Breyfogle

A Story

The sun of late June lay upon the busy life of the docks, upon the Elbe estuary and the waterfront of Hamburg. "So there she goes!" said old Hermann Schmidt. "That's off our minds."

Wagener was not so sure. "It would be like the *Ingrid* to turn up again." He glanced around him apprehensively. "Schmidt, you're sure nobody will ever know?"

"How should they? So far as can be seen, she is seaworthy. We have hardly boasted of what she has cost us these last years! And, once past Singapore, you may rely upon it, she will trouble us no more. She'll never see Sydney again."

Wagener shivered, although the day was warm. "But the men!" he suggested. "What's to be become of them? There might be talk!"

"Bah! The men are safe. I saw to the boats myself before she sailed. I even shipped a doctor to look after them, noble fellows that they are! He was a funny doctor, Wagener, a Russian and, I should say, utterly mad."

But Wagener was not to be diverted. "We should have kept her in the Baltic trade," he muttered. "She might have foundered there, too. The insurance would have been the same."

"And half Hamburg would have known why she was lost! Don't be a fool, Wagener. Did you think I sent her to Singapore for a mere whim? Didn't it occur to you that the length of the voyage is in our favor? That is, if questions should be asked? I know what I'm doing. I'll answer for that ship."

"You're sure the Captain has no suspicions?"

"That Norwegian? No. He jumped at the command. She'll hang together until she's past Singapore. After that, the first rough weather — " He made an expressive gesture. "Of course, it's what you call an act of God. I think I can convince even an insurance broker of that! And there she goes. Wave good-bye to her, Wagener. It's the last time."

The boding, aged voices were lost in the care-free summer of 1914. The *Ingrid* left them behind, and turned her blunt, rusty bows to the sea once more.

The little community that was her crew began to settle down. On the deck, Shorty and Müller had struck up a friendship over the battening-

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down of a hatch. An auspicious, blue-gray haze of tobacco-smoke hung in the pent air of the forecastle, where Yank and Willem, stepping carefully to avoid a litter of sea-bags on the floor, were assisting each other in the spreading of their donkey-mattresses. Big Hans was philosophically asleep. Sam was oiling his boots and watching Franck fit together the pieces of a treasured flute. The others were somewhere about. They cast cheerful glances at each other, scratch-pack crew that they were. Not much of a ship, but they were out-bound again.

Mr. William Sanderson, late of Limehouse, muttered darkly about the engine-room. "Tied together with string," he summed up his findings. "We might be blown sky-high at any minute!" He gave the ash-hoist a poke with the spanner in his hand. "That'll jam in dirty weather! Them trashy German pumps, too!" He glowered at his kingdom, in the conviction that the coal was chock-full of sulphur and would very likely choke the stokers. "Not that it matters — like as not they'd ha' died of old age, anyway!" With his mind eased of this burden, he went to his cabin and turned in for a nap, completely happy.

Heinrich Braun, the mate, was on the bridge. In the cabin that was to be his home for the next few months, Captain Dessen hung up one photograph of his wife, and another of their home in Bergen. He hummed a dismal air, but cheerfully. In the galley, Hamilton, a Jamaican Negro, shook his head over the stores. They would hardly hold out. But he postponed his worry to a more ineluctable date and fell to peeling potatoes, whistling shrilly through his excellent teeth.

Dr. Vasili Prokoff was keeping to himself. He did not move from the position he had taken up against the rail on the upper deck. Gulls swooped around, but he paid no more heed to them than to the sailors engaged upon their tasks in the waist of the ship below. Space and time, the phenomenal world, were largely annihilated for him while he leaned there, unconscious of the ache in his forearms. His sensitive, proud face, with its jutting nose and weak mouth, was set in the immutable mold of contemplation. After his fashion, he was happy.

The old *Ingrid*, with troubles enough of her own internal economy, bore them all forward, out of sight of land and into the reach of adventure, indifferent, she, to who might lord it on her weather-beaten bridge, to whom she might harbor in cabin and forecastle. She shoved her bows impatiently at the slapping waves and forged onward into the first night at sea. And in his feather-bed in Hamburg, Hermann Schmidt lay wakeful but content and followed her in his mind out of the narrow seas and down the Channel, and eastward to Singapore and whatever might lie beyond.

THEY loafed down the Mediterranean and took their turn at Suez, and the Red Sea swallowed them into an abyss of heat that all but blinded their unaccustomed eyes. Dr. Prokoff betook himself, gasping but still remote from all that surrounded him, from the blazing deck to the sweltering gloom of his cabin. The *Ingrid* had been built with an

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eye to the Northern trade; she was not at home in the tropics. But she wallowed steadily onward through these alien seas as if they had been the waters of the Elbe at Hamburg. Aden and Socotra passed, they rounded Ceylon and stood away for the Nicobars and the Straits of Malacca. It was late in July.

At night the men dragged their pallets up to the deck to sleep. It was intolerable in the bunks. They lay on their backs, trying not to move, and eyed the stars drowsily and engaged in the endless conversations of their kind.

"So the Frenchman got the girl, and we laid for him, but he never showed up." Yank was concluding a story. He paused to light his pipe, which had gone out during the narrative.

"I knowed a Frenchy once," Sam said reminiscently. "Kept a pub, 'e did, in the Byswater Road. Little, sawed-off feller. Wish I could see that pub now!"

"Shut up." That was Peabody, briefly.

The talk wandered off to other pubs in other ports, to the girls of Río and Philadelphia, of Cardiff and Shanghai. They sucked at their pipes, the swish of the waters at the bow lulled them, pauses in their talk grew longer and longer, and presently they slept. Captain Dessen, on the bridge, had no company but the deep breathing of the *Ingrid* herself and the heat and the watchful stars. They had been on the old ship a long time; they were used to one another's ways. There had never been, there could never be, any life but this for them.

At Singapore they dropped anchor outside the harbor, and the agent came off in a launch with their orders. He swarmed up the ladder they dropped overside for him and clambered over the rail, a bundle of papers in the pocket of his coat. Captain Dessen took him to his own cabin. Heinrich Braun watched them go, his blue eyes narrowed lazily against the beating sunlight. He thought it curious that the agent should wear such a look of worry on his face, as if he had been the messenger of disaster. The back of his linen coat was streaked and blotted with dark sweat. Anxiety had no place in such a climate. The man ought to know that. He lived there. The sound of his own name recalled Heinrich's attention. Captain Dessen wanted a word with him in the cabin.

The agent got up and made sure that the door was shut. He looked around the cabin anxiously, as if he had suspected the hidden presence of eavesdroppers. The drink the Captain had poured for him he was taking in nervous little gulps. Heinrich Braun lifted his own glass and nodded to the others. "*Prost, meine Herren!*" he said.

There was no smile of acknowledgement. The Captain tugged at his thin beard in obvious perplexity, and spoke in German to the agent. "Tell him," he said. "He ought to know."

The harassed little man glanced at the mate. "There's a war."

"And Germany's in it," the Captain said. "Germany and England. This is a British port, and we're a vessel of German registry. It's a good thing there's no cargo for us here. We'd never get out of the harbor if we once got in."

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"A war?" Heinrich Braun asked. "But we heard nothing. When did it begin?"

"Declared yesterday," the agent muttered morosely. He turned to the Captain. "It's your affair, of course, but I'd advise you to leave at once. They'll seize the ship and intern the Germans on board. You may be able to get to a neutral port. Try, at least." He stood up. "I can't stay any longer. Every one's going mad ashore. I'll leave you this bundle of newspapers. Good luck!" When they looked up he was gone.

"We'll do as he advised," Captain Dessen decided. "I'm a neutral myself, but this is a German ship, and I'm responsible for her. Get the anchor up, Mr. Braun. It's lucky we were no later. We'll keep her free for the owners as long as we can." He turned away, a glint of determination in his mild eye. The mate hurried out on deck.

THE men grumbled a little at missing shore-leave in Singapore, but they had not heard the great news yet and, English and German, they moved at Heinrich's command. The anchor came up slowly, the *Ingrid* swung around, a threshing of torn water above her screw, and, unmolested, they headed into the Java Sea.

"We must try to make Manila in the Philippines," Captain Dessen told his mate. "We shall be safe there. But the South China is too crowded. We'll round Borneo and head up through Macassar Strait. Keep her head as it is for tonight. A storm would help us."

Heinrich Braun turned to the barometer. "Dropping a little. We may get it." A seaman came to take the wheel. They went down to dinner. "I wonder how long it will take the others to find out what's up," the Captain murmured.

Not very long. Sanderson had one of the newspapers the agent had left for them spread on the table in front of him while he waited for the others to come to dinner. He was absorbed in its columns. Prokoff, opposite him, had found nothing in them to engage his attention. He was staring at the open port-hole, where a breath of rising wind fluttered the faded curtain on its rod. He frowned when Sanderson burst into speech.

"Hi say," the engineer cried, "look here, Captain, what's it all about, eh? What're we to do about it?"

"Ve haff our orders." The Captain's distrust of the English language made him use it sparingly. He dipped a spoon in his soup and began to eat. Sanderson watched him suspiciously. They were something of a floating Babel; Prokoff was the only man aboard who conversed with an equal facility, and an equal disdain, with all. But Sanderson felt it as an insult to himself, and an act intrinsically suspicious, for he was no linguist, that Heinrich Braun should address the Captain in German just at that moment. He and Braun, since Singapore, were enemies, properly speaking. He leaned forward and caught the mate's eye. "All I got to say," he announced, in the unconvincing tone of a man who has to say a very great deal indeed, "is, Germany'd better look sharp this trip. She'll catch bloody 'ell, that's what she'll catch!" He glowered at them both. "And has for sailing-

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orders," he spoke this with great emphasis, "my himpression was that we're for Sydney. That right?" He fixed them with a basilisk stare, to show them that he saw through any possible designs of theirs, then returned to the serious matter of eating and uttered not another word. Prokoff favored the top of the Cockney's head with a scowl. "The fellow has the manners of a capitalist," he reflected. Pleased with the rightness of this insult, he resumed his meditation on the shortcomings of Kropotkin as a revolutionist.

A brooding gloom descended upon the company at table. The steward served them gingerly, as if he had feared an explosion might take place before he could whisk a plate away, involving his reluctant person in some general outburst. The curtains over the port-holes had ceased their fluttering and hung motionless. The air was heavy. Captain Dessen, heedless of the niceties, wiped the perspiring nape of his neck with his napkin. It was a relief when they were through eating and he could retire to the bridge. Sanderson never came there.

They lit their cheap cigars and stared out into the night ahead. It confronted them with an impenetrable, uneasy blackness that sent the mate to inspect the glass again. He gave a low whistle. "She's dropping fast, sir."

The Captain chewed his cigar nervously. "I don't like the looks of it," he muttered. "Mr. Mate, will you slip down and see if everything's shipshape on deck? We're in for it, I'm afraid."

Heinrich Braun made his hurried tour of inspection and returned to the ladder that led to the bridge, somewhere up above him in the all but solid darkness. As he grasped the rungs, preparatory to mounting, he had to make a grab at his cap. The first gust of wind struck him viciously, pressing him hard against the ladder. The door to the chart-room banged to behind him without the touch of his hand. Captain Dessen glanced up.

"Everything's all right, sir, but the wind's getting up."

"I thought as much. We shan't get much sleep *to*night, *mis*ter! Ring for the steward and tell him we shall want coffee off and on. Rum in it, too." He rubbed his hands together nervously. "I only hope the ship weathers it. She's far from new." They stared out into the night together.

THE newspaper that had fallen to the lot of the forecastle created a sharp difference of opinion among the men. Yank, as a would-be peacemaker, retired hurt by their cavalier reception of his wise counsel. He rounded up Willem and Oscar and induced them to play three-handed poker with him. All about them the talk was loud and excited. "England'll see it through," Shorty declared. "Trust her for that!" He inflated his chest. "You bloody Germans are in for it!"

The argument was sadly hampered by the fact that none of them was competently bilingual. They could not adequately demolish their opponents' preposterous beliefs. But they scarcely noticed the lack, content with shouting and defiant gestures. A tremendous patriotism arose in them, that was impatient of

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confinement in any reasoned appeal. It was much more satisfying to raise one's voice to a screech and shake one's fist. Besides, every one else was doing it. A mere statement of fact could not have been heard.

"You talk," Hans bellowed, "always you Englanders talk!" He glared at them, opening and closing his great fists. "Iss dere a man of you to fight me?"

But the code of the sea forbade that. It stood on the bridge, in the frail person of Captain Dessen, and kept a metaphorical eye upon them. If it came to fighting, they would have to wait; so they plunged into the impossible argument anew.

But Yank put a stop to it. He had gone out on deck for a shirt, left there to dry, and he came tumbling down the companion-way wide-eyed. The low door behind him was open, and he jerked a thumb over his shoulder at the tumult that had propelled him back into their midst. "Holy Smoke!" he ejaculated, and the notable absence of profanity indicated his earnestness. "Just listen to the wind!"

The *Ingrid* drove on. One oily swell was very like the last or the next, or a thousand others that, in her time, she had plowed through. Only these seas were heavier, harder to shoulder aside. Her engines labored valiently, and her scarred plates creaked as if in pain with the efforts she put forth. The rising wind from the west smothered her squat rump in clouds of spray, and sent ever-greater waves to lift her shuddering screw high out of the water and drop it back again into yawning depths. They had stinted her ballast in Hamburg — that was Hermann Schmidt's doing — and she pitched furiously. Vasili Prokoff, the poet in him rising superior to mere nausea, clung for a few minutes to the rail and rejoiced in the tumbling waters that swept past, almost level with his eyes. Through the darkness their white-topped welter gleamed like teeth. He struggled back to his cabin for brandy. The soul and the foolish stomach have joys that can not be reconciled.

The wind dropped after twenty-four hours, but the sullen rollers still swept past them. The pitching was scarcely diminished. "We have certainly been carried beyond Macassar Strait," Captain Dessen said. His face was pinched with weariness and anxiety. "We'll just have to let her drive now, until the sea abates. Sanderson says she's making water below."

Heinrich Braun nodded. The cup in his hand diffused a strong aroma of coffee, the reek of rum. "I'm afraid it's all up with Manila, sir."

"I'm afraid so. We'll have to try for one of the Dutch Islands. God send they're still neutral!"

But the *Ingrid* took the matter out of their hands. The water in her hold rose in spite of everything they could do, in spite of the subsiding sea. The rudder wabbled dangerously and one of the pumps was jammed. Hermann Schmidt could not have timed it better. They were in the middle of the Banda Sea, with land all around them. The ship had only a slight list as they took to the boats, and the sun from which she was soon to be shielded forever beat down on her decks as if it had thought her immortal. They unshipped a couple of oars in each boat and, pushing

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against the *Ingrid's* stricken side, shoved off. Just before sundown, very quietly, she sank.

THERE were rifles, in case they should meet with unfriendly natives on some island where they might be forced to land. There were biscuit and water and rum. The Captain brought the ship's papers and the photograph of his wife, far away in Bergen, and the ship's cat. New Guinea was off somewhere to north and east; Australia, but they could hardly last that far, lay to the south. "What do you think, Braun?" the Captain asked. "I'm for running north, myself."

"I agree, sir. We may be picked up and, if we're not, there are plenty of islands. We can't go wrong."

"What about Australia?" It was a chastened Sanderson who put the question. Away from his engines, even the knowledge that his country was at war failed to buoy him up.

"Too far, by a long way, in this sun." The mate nodded agreement, and the Captain turned to translate. "Ve go nort'," he explained briefly. Sanderson had to acquiesce. The night shut down upon the open boats.

In the morning a breeze sprang up and they hoisted leg-of-mutton sails that carried them along at four knots to the hour. Once, where the sky and the sea met, they saw the smoke of a steamer and watched it with longing until it was the merest wisp. They were cramped for space in the boats. The men grumbled at that, and because there was no way of getting cooking done. But the breeze held and freshened, they kept their prows to the north and on the second day they sighted an island.

It was small: they circumnavigated it in the forenoon. It seemed not to be inhabited, although Hamilton saw a wild pig and squealed with excitement. The trees promised shade and they were heartily sick of the boats. They steered for shore. A rivulet of clear water that ran down across the narrow beach where they drew the boats up they traced back to a spring. The thick-growing trees came down to the very edge of the sand, but a little way in from shore they found an open spot, and there were others here and there throughout the island. Wild creatures scuttled away through the undergrowth at their approach. There was an abundance of dry wood on the ground that they could use for fires.

"Wonder 'oo owns this 'ere island?" Sam speculated, while they were preparing their camp. Sanderson grunted. "England, of course. If she didn't before, we'll claim it for her now."

Heinrich Braun, irritable with strain, overheard him. "The *Ingrid* was a German vessel," he reminded the engineer. "The island belongs to Germany, not England."

The Cockney glared. "Ho!" he said. "It does, does it? Not till Germany's taken possession, and we're here to stop that! Mind you, we're not under Captain's orders now. You'll have a fight on your hands, m'lad!"

The men divided into uneasy groups, the Englishmen behind Sanderson, the Germans behind the mate. Captain Dessen, with Yank, Willem, Oscar and Hamilton, was busy at the boats. Prokoff had strolled off by himself. Heinrich

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Braun regarded the engineer with disfavor. "As you please," he said coldly. "Better you go make a camp of your own. You can take half the rifles. If you want a fight, you'll get it, you English rat!"

There was a stir and a muttering among the men, partly anger, partly bewilderment. But the die was cast. Braun turned as the Captain approached. "Sanderson declines to recognize your authority, sir. He wants to fight us for possession of the island. I've told him to take his hoodlums and make a camp of his own."

"Fight for possession of the island!" exclaimed the astonished Captain. "But, great God, is not the island big enough for all?" He addressed himself to the engineer. "You have gone mad, no?"

Sanderson stood his ground, with the tenacity of his breed. "Our countries are at war," he declared. "We'll fight for ours." He turned to his six seamen. "That right?" There was a chorus of assent.

Captain Dessen threw up his hands. "I can't prevent you. I shall take no part in it myself. If you must fight, I ask you to do it where the innocent will not be exposed to danger." Braun translated this for the engineer, and it was agreed to. "Let's take till morning to get ready," Sanderson suggested. "Hostilities to begin at sunrise." He was rather proud of the high sound of that. The German nodded and turned to explain to his men. They swarmed down to the boats for rifles and supplies.

Heinrich Braun had a sincere dislike for Sanderson, but it was a much bigger thing than personal feeling that had made him take up the engineer's challenge. Ever since Singapore, in cabin as in forecastle, there had been an uneasy awareness of impending doom. While the *Ingrid* held them to their duty they could afford to ignore it, but now, free of the old ship and with their days empty before them, it pressed insistently for settlement. There was a war. They did not know its causes, and it was none of their doing, but it existed. Their countrymen were fighting in Europe. Well, they would do their bit. They scowled at their sometime fellows, feeling a barrier risen between them. Gone was all their care-free association. They began to invent meannesses in the past, to reconstruct trivialities in a new and sinister light. Late in the afternoon the two bands marched away, in opposite directions, into the woods. A tense repose settled upon the island.

All evening the small waves broke only a few yards from where the neutrals sat about their fire. The stars came out as if nothing had happened. Prokoff was reflecting, with a just contempt, that mankind could not live a day, even on a virgin island, without beginning his brawls. The Captain's thoughts were less condemnatory, more mournful. He thought it a great mistake and a pity. Yank was sifting the sand through his moody fingers, without a word for any one. His views were known already. He had but one skin in the world, he explained. It held vast possibilities of entertainment, and he did not propose to have those possibilities abruptly punctured by rifle-fire. The others agreed.

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The night passed by. A glimmer of light in the east became the dawn. In the heart of the island Müller awakened his comrades for a hurried, cheerless breakfast. Heinrich Braun served them each a tot of rum. In the gray light their unshaven faces were grim. They ate with their rifles across their knees. "Eat all you can," the mate advised. "We may go without lunch." At the first streak of sunlight they left their camp and filed off into the undergrowth.

Sanderson and his men were later in starting. They had made their bivouac in an open space, and kept a fire burning, confident that the enemy would not attack. They were finishing a leisurely breakfast, mugs of steaming coffee in their hands, when, without any warning, a ragged volley rang out from the trees. Shorty's cup leapt from his startled fingers. "Cripes!" he ejaculated, and threw himself behind a log. "I didn't know war was like this!"

None of them had known. They sprawled behind whatever cover there was and attempted to return the fire. Sanderson was quaking but determined. A long time passed without a repetition of that volley, and at length they ventured forth from their precarious shelter and took to the woods in their turn. The war had begun.

It was guerilla warfare and neither side had any great aptitude for it. At its most intense, they seldom saw their foes more than once in the day. A burst of firing, another burst in reply, and both bands retreated, to begin once more the arduous, indecisive stalking. There were no casualties. They were not marksmen enough for that. But, as the fighting drew out, day after day, a fixed inhumanity toward their enemies developed in each group. They no longer thought of them with any faint compunction surviving from the past they had shared. It turned into an absorbing, heartless game, in which they were bent on scoring. If only the cowards would show themselves!

They fought for ten weary days. On the beach they heard faint shots sometimes, but the novelty wore off. They scarcely stopped to listen now, although the fighting preyed upon Prokoff's mind. "It is no better than murder," he declared. He was sorely tempted to denounce the growing indifference of those around him as a stupid connivance at that crime. But other matters engaged the attention of Captain Dessen and the neutral seamen. They had felled and trimmed a straight, tall tree, and set it up for a flag-pole on a point of land that ran out into the sea. They kept a signal flying there by day, and a big fire burning at night. Other ships must cross those waters sometimes. It would be better explaining to the owners how he had come to lose their ship, Captain Dessen thought, than living forever as a castaway, far away from Bergen. He looked at his wife's photograph and sighed. He had done his best with the old vessel. Had he known how little blame would be his when he returned, his mind would have been completely at ease. He would not have found fault with the accomplished dishonesty of Hermann Schmidt that had brought all this trouble upon them. That was a part of the world's pattern. Only Prokoff

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would have raged against it, and Prokoff was more than a little mad.

There was nothing to complain of. They suffered no real hardships. But as he sat looking out across the sparkling sea the Captain was unhappy. He had no flair for the contemplative life. He liked a ship, any ship, under him, and in his heart the consciousness of honest service to his employers, service whose ultimate end it was not for him to call in question. Above him the breeze tugged softly at his signal of distress. He looked up at it, and shook his head mournfully. It was hard to go on hoping. His eyes fell again. He rubbed them, and stood up, staring. That was surely smoke, and it was drawing nearer. He waited until he was quite sure before he hurried down to tell the others.

THAT morning Sanderson had held a council of war. He and his ragged half-dozen sat in a circle and deliberated. "The beggars ain't ever there, that's what it is!" Sam's complaint voiced the feelings of all.

It was true, but the Germans were not far away. They were moving silently through the undergrowth, their rifles in their hands. But Sam and his comrades could hardly be expected to know that.

"We can't see them for these damn' trees," Shorty objected. He paused, and the thought nascent within him worked his features into slow triumph. "I got it!" he burst out. "I got it! What we need is an observation-post!"

It dawned upon them all with a new hope. Sanderson stood up. "That's a good tall tree there, and I used to be able to climb. Peabody, you and Harvey give me a leg up to the first branches. We'll soon see what's stirring."

They were so intent upon his slow upward progress that they failed to notice Hans peering through the leaves, close to the ground. He drew back and whispered to Heinrich Braun. "They're all there but the swine of an engineer. When he comes back — I think he's in the tree — we have them all at our mercy. Look, their rifles are lying just anywhere!"

Braun nodded and placed the others in position, cautioning them not to fire until he gave the word, to cover their men. They lay on their bellies, their eyes gleaming, and waited very patiently. It would not be long.

"I got a crick in my neck," Sam complained, but he did not remove his eyes from the climber. Sanderson was in the topmost branches now. He was rather out of breath and his arms ached, but in another minute he would reach his goal. He redoubled his efforts. That next branch would give him the last hold he needed, and he grabbed at it. The slender tree-top was bending with his weight. For an agonized moment he thought he had it. But the slippery leaves slid through his clutching fingers, his weight came around on his left arm with a jerk that shook him badly, he lost that grip too, and all at once, bumping from branch to branch, his body came crashing a long sixty feet to the ground in the midst of his horrified comrades.

They rushed toward him, German and English alike. Braun took command. "Quick!" he cried, "A litter with your rifles and your jackets over

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them! We must get him to the Doctor at once. Give me a hand, Hans, and we'll lift him. You others, go ahead and clear a way for the bearers. Easy now, Hans! That's right. Lift him gently. He's badly hurt." They set out with their burden for the boats.

Half-way there they met Yank, hastening in search of them. "A ship's come," he shouted. "A Dutchman, bound back to Rotterdam! You'll have to call your war off till you get back home!" He saw the litter. "My God!" he said, awe-struck. "I'll get the Doc." He hurried back the way he had come.

Miraculously, Mr. William Sanderson was not dead. Several ribs were broken, Prokoff declared; he was bruised a good deal and badly shaken. One wrist was fractured, but he would recover. They scarcely knew the stony Doctor. He knelt at Sanderson's side, his long, skilful fingers very gentle about the hurts, the bitterness gone from his face. Then he stood up again. "Bring him along," he said. "We must get him aboard and in bed."

The boats from the Dutch steamer lay on the beach beside their own. In an hour they were aboard her, and their island was dropping below the horizon. The war was over. They turned their faces toward Europe, busy with a war not wholly unlike their own.

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The New Deal

By Gutzon Borglum

Inspired by Mr. Edgar B. Davis's article, "The Way Out —and On," in our October issue, Mr. Borglum makes a prophecy for the new Administration

Not in seventy years has the coming of an event been charged with greater hope and opportunity than the advent of the new Administration. The hope that the "new deal" will give us the promised "new day" awakens the youth and belief that still beats in the American breast.

Awful as is the price America has paid for her entrance into the World War and her subsequent relations with Europe, involving her own economic and political leaders to their unforgettable discredit, this experience and disillusionment came at a time in the Republic's life that will save her from a certain destruction, towards which those very "leaders" were driving her. My only fear is that the wound might not have been deep enough to season and refine, as sadness and betrayal alone can, and restore to us nationally the "serious mind," as Mr. Davis put it, "that comes out of suffering."

Mr. Davis does not actually say so, but war is business, internationally applied gang control, and the trouble with business as practised in America is that it is war.

But America has suddenly realized that prosperity is not dependent upon cash, stocks, bonds, lands, great buildings — that these become lifeless, worthless, unless there remains the human quality of confidence between men and between nations, which has ceased to exist among us in business, in banking, in politics. Confidence is an asset no chattel can replace. This quality, indispensable to life, creates the only condition on which any kind of human relationship can long continue to exist to the profit and pleasure of men and women, governments and nations.

America is not suffering from depression in the usual meaning of that word, as from lack of exchange, lack of markets, lack of transportation, lack of rain, or the sun's warmth. No, America is suffering from disillusionment, betrayal — she's stunned and has lost confidence, lacks leadership. America is stunned; she finds her elaborate economic system a playball for jugglers, and the jugglers her own sons. Her industrial giants are brokers, gamblers, whose eye on the ticker and dividend

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had wandered from service, honesty, quality of the product. Her "statesmen" are ganged off in narrow partisan herds. "Politicians" — still and always business men — buy, sell or trade law, life and government, the nation's savings, the nation's place in the markets of the world, to the highest tariff-protected bidder at home, as they barter for a negotiable electorate.

And so confidence, the most precious asset in a civilized world, above all else the key to happiness, to wealth, to power, is destroyed. The great wave of creative activity and wealth in modern life has moved too fast, has overwhelmed individuals and governments. Mass production, which means leveling — up or down — standardization, compromise, the sacrifice of the best for the good enough, has invaded schools, universities, business, government. Walter Page, that brilliant and great American, wrote in 1918: "Was there ever greater need than now of a first class mind unselfishly working on world problems? . . . There is no world-girdling intelligence at work in government."

The greatest confession of this condition throughout our four years of crisis has been the silence maintained by the leaderless heads of our great economic, industrial and political institutions — a confession that meant either gross culpable incompetence or complicity in the general ride to destruction they witnessed and permitted, if they did not actually direct.

Three months ago America spoke on this question of leadership. She seemed to say: "We must get back while there is still interest in life to honesty, to our job in America." Mr. Roosevelt was nominated because he somehow had got tangled up with the bruised heart of the nation. He was human in his every utterance and a square shooter. When he kicked precedent in the face and, with his family, flew to Chicago, he won something else besides human sympathy for his fair dealings; somehow the word "courage" leaped to our tongues and got into the minds of the people, and in that flight Mr. Roosevelt was acclaimed leader; he won and swept the determining mass of doubting citizens into his camp.

IN THE hundred and forty-odd years of our political existence we have had no more than eight men in the White House who were courageous, capable leaders of national dimensions, *presiding* over our Government; and in every instance these administrations have lifted the nation to greatness and success.

America has ten thousand men with education and experience who could preside as chairman of our Cabinet as well as any of our Presidents — a job not the most important. On the other hand, it is just as fair to accuse Mr. Hoover of being responsible for the depression in his Administration as it is to credit Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge with being responsible for the orgy of reckless pyramiding of values, watering of stocks and loaning away of the nation's savings. None of these men had anything to do with it. Normalcy was their day-dream and nothing more, while the nation, economically drunk, rolled on; we had not even the geese of ancient Rome to warn us of the foreign invasion.

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Of the past seven Presidents we have had two who tried to fill the great office, tried to be *President* — history will give them a juster estimate than we can — Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. The greater opportunity fell to Wilson. How well or how badly he filled it remains yet to be seen. He lacked ability to work with other minds. Abler in many ways than Theodore Roosevelt, he lacked Roosevelt's self-reliance, Roosevelt's ability to make decisions, Roosevelt's willingness to make mistakes and admit them. The latter once said to me: "They criticize me for doing too many things — I'd rather try eighty things and fail in thirty than try fifty and succeed in all." Can you imagine such a state of restless constructive energy in McKinley, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge or Hoover? There was something of the creative character of nature in Roosevelt's thought that assured success and greatness. With the exception of Cleveland, he had the only great Cabinet since Lincoln.

Will Franklin be another Theodore — a Wilson, a Harding, a Coolidge or a Hoover? Will he take the mandate given him by the liberated electorate which his great cousin provided for him, when in 1912 he made it honorable to thumb your nose at partisan gang politics? Will Franklin tell gang politics, gang economics: "Hands off what is all the people's business," and out of the dissonance of our great life drag order to its feet, restore honesty and put the nation to work? Will he pick up our part of the globe in his powerful, splendid hands, roll it over a couple of times, think in terms of the all of it, its entire welfare, and pick men who think that way too? If he does, the depression will melt away like a morning fog under the rising sun. Confidence in ourselves, still America's greatest asset, will beget confidence in each other. That will save us, whenever appealed to with courage and sense.

It will be hard, but we must forget the thousands of banks that failed, forget the water our brothers sold us in their inflated stocks, forget the politician who has made a racket out of government and law. We must all go to work. Invent work if we haven't the constructive sense to see how much disorder exists everywhere, the putting in order of which would not only enrich all, repay its cost, but take our tired, disillusioned minds from our dead — more stupid than sinful — past.

I DON'T recall an occasion in the history of this nation that offered opportunity for so vast, so completely national a recreative age since the war between the States. We can rebuild our life with a tenth of the energy, with a tenth of the money we *wasted* on Europe. We have not yet been driven to revolution, although political bankers and industrial brokers have wasted the nation's savings. Life as it moves forward makes for itself unprecedented new ways; the new means of transportation have destroyed old ways, have built vast, new revolutionary methods. But as traffic has grown, ancient methods have resisted and failed to adjust themselves to the new conditions.

Undoubtedly the greatest industry in America, more inclusive than the

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machinery of government, is the varied business of transportation, transporting human beings, transporting their chattels, transporting merchandise — the vast equipment necessary to build and maintain rights of way. And now, in just twenty years, the motor car and the super-highway have come, with all the comfort and business increase through the easier, pleasanter and more economical conditions created by Federal and State aid. Close on the heels of the auto and concrete roads is the airplane and its world-encircling reach.

All the above, with their vast values and extraordinary influence on daily life, are at this writing in an unsupportable state of economic confusion and distress, all leading a disordered and catch-as-catch-can existence! What a job for a great constructive, fearless mind, with guts to organize equitably! The traffic pressure of all sorts everywhere demands organization and an equitable division of the nation's business: the railways, the motorways, the airways.

America's transcontinental highway system must be reënvisioned, developed. If we had the guts we'd start this most needed job at once. But it's a President's size job; no petty commission can do it. It's as constructive as a great war project and needs the authority equal to a war measure. Salvage the railroads and make them a part of the new system. It would put life into a thousand lagging industries serving the needs of transportation. America has the greatest unit of transportation in the world — and the loosest.

The reordering of our highways from petty State to Federal trunk lines alone would largely relieve our depression — and there are other public service jobs which, once started, would immediately release the grip of fear and want from millions of homes — but this work must now become national.

Then there is the unfinished job of flood control. The Mississippi basin has 2,500,000 square miles of watershed. The quick-flowing and dangerous parts of this watershed lie west of meridian ninety, running up and down past Kansas City.

The Missouri should be plugged and tapped for flood water at Yankton, South Dakota, altitude about 1,100 feet, and a channel dug southwest into Texas, through Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, dropping six hundred feet in that route and carrying flood water from the Missouri, Neobrara, Elkhorn, Loop, Platte, Republican, Kansas and Arkansas, the Red River, and saving for these States water annually equal to Lake Michigan, giving irrigation to a strip 200 miles wide from South Dakota to the Rio Grande and storing power equal to three Niagaras. That little job would stop inundation of the lower Mississippi forever and for five years or more absorb all the unemployed over those States. Power and irrigation would repay every nickel.

Will Mr. Roosevelt rise to the great opportunity that presents itself to his office? Will he be the eighth great President *in fact* of the United States? He has the opportunity, he has been elected by the non-partisan gang-free electorate of America. All that he has said, all that he has done, including the enemies he has made, confirms our faith in him.

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Why Be Faithful in Marriage?

By Henry Neumann

Who challenges some of the tenets of Bertrand Russell and the other rebels from orthodoxy

Mark Twain observed in *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar:* "A cat which has once sat down on a hot stove-lid, will never sit down on another. But neither will it sit down on a cold one." Many instances from recent times might be cited of how revolt against wrong might lead the disillusioned into practices that were not conspicuously wiser. Witness those circles where one of the unfailing signs of membership in the élite was the disparaging of permanent marriage.

Fortunately it looks as if the experiences of this present bitter decade were bringing many persons around to a new sobriety. They are seeing that along with the financial joy-riding of the preceding ten years went other behaviors that were also morally light-headed. It is barely possible therefore that a cool re-examination of the pleas for the stricter view of marriage may not be entirely out of date.

Certainly the plea of today's rebels for a changed ethic of sex is not to be dismissed off-hand. Morals vary with time and place: why should this one field be deemed exempt from the law of change? Society already accepts many practices formerly condemned or unheard of. Birth-control is making headway. A woman can earn her own living in a wide variety of occupations; she can be divorced without losing caste. Is chastity therefore as necessary, on economic grounds, as it was when marriage was the only vocation open to her? Functions once performed by the home, like education, protection against violence or hunger, are now exercised by the State. If fathers are no longer so absolutely indispensable, will it always be essential for them to remain with their families, and need the mothers then be married?

One can understand why friends of liberty defend these claims hotly. The handling of the sex problem is still stained in many homes by gross bigotry and cruelty. In the old-fashioned melodrama when father learned that his unmarried daughter was carrying a child, he thought it his duty to drive her out (usually when it was snowing). Ben Lindsey had to deal with many such parents; and this need for his charity explains much in his recommendations, even though he seemed to propose as the only course for young lives still

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unspoiled, a method which he had found useful in treating lives already damaged.

So it is that in the interests of greater happiness all around, Dora Russell, her brilliant husband, and many persons (not only in Russia) hardly open to the charge of being merely wicked, would have a marriage only where there are children. Second, they would save young people from unwise commitment by granting every freedom to experiment. Third, to quote Bertrand Russell, "Where a marriage is fruitful and both parties are reasonable and decent, the expectation ought to be that it will be life-long, but not that it will exclude other sex relations." To keep the two people reasonable and decent, educate them out of the jealousy which husbands and wives now manifest "in consequence of the whole false outlook engendered by the older code."

The problem can be discussed without invidious reference. The rebels insist that their opponents are "Puritans," thin-blooded kill-joys who are rationalizing their own envies and other deficiencies. This piece of questionable Freudianism does not take us very far. In the same circles where living in open matrimony has often been something of a reproach, it has been the mode to suppose that knowledge of human conduct was most profound whenever it seized for explanation upon the motives which were least admirable. Such a procedure is slightly out of date now. Besides, the argument may not unfairly cut in the other direction, too. Perhaps the champions of the new freedom are likewise glorifying — but we forbear.

Much as must be said for their pleas, their underlying philosophy of life can not be left unchallenged. Too much that is still precious, and not alone in marriage, is at stake. The sex relation is only one of many situations in which individuals, groups, whole nations and races upon this planet of ours, do less than justice to themselves. For all these interrelations there is crying need of a sounder ethical philosophy than we get in the arguments of the emancipated. Let us consider why by first viewing their leading proposals as to sex.

At more than one point their logic is far from impeccable. Dora Russell, for instance, is at great pains to show in *The Right to Be Happy* that duty is but an abstraction, a myth invoked to confirm sheer prejudice or convention. Yet the title of her book employs the word "right." Some of us were taught at college that a right to be happy, as distinguished from a wish, a whim, or just a will, implies that other persons are under a duty to respect that desire. My "right" to a piece of property puts you under the obligation to keep hands off. A moral vocabulary (and no less the reality which it is intended to designate) has often a strange way of being invoked by the very persons who begin by ruling it out. It may be that we shall see a new generation adopting a more sober marriage code and saying explicitly what Mrs. Russell here says unwittingly and indirectly. Or she pleads that since women in England outnumber the men allowing them to share with the more fortunate will decrease

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"loneliness, envy, jealousy," and multiply happiness. Perhaps it will, for certain types of persons. On the other hand, fine-grained women take such intimate relations very seriously. When their physical attractiveness wanes and the men betake themselves to younger women, will the "loneliness, jealousy, envy" in the world be so hugely diminished?

Why many women in particular accept Mrs. Russell's reasoning is still something of a puzzle. When the older feminists attacked the double standard, they were not pleading for a leveling down. The equality which they demanded was a higher level for both sexes. They were scarcely ignorant of the fact that women enjoyed loving and being loved. Sex-joy can hardly be called an invention, or a discovery, of the machine age. The opponents of the double standard were — and still are — at least as awake to the realities in their problem as those to whom a single standard means equal freedom to transgress. Granted that many persons were kept to the straiter way by fears which have now been dispelled. Even where disease and child-birth can be prevented, or where other careers than marriage are open to women, the centre of the problem remains untouched. Reasons for the stricter code have not yet been ruled out for those whose philosophy of life takes in more than the individualism and hedonism still very popular.

That some restraints must be exercised, individualists too admit. Bertrand Russell insists that the mere gratification of the sex instinct without love is bestial. The one permanently valuable fact in the relationship, he himself tells us, is that it is a union not merely of bodies, but of the entire personalities. He warns us that he is against license, and that what he is advocating is freedom to love.

Consider well the implications of that thought. Here is a union in which at its best the deepest intimacies of the total personality are involved. How can any thoughtful being do other than shrink from squandering what is essentially so intimate and so exclusive? The woman whose sense of fundamentals has not been confused by the libertarian fashion of the period understands how there are certain fine privacies which it is a kind of sacrilege for her to offer to anybody but the one person from whom she wants love exclusive and permanent. The physical mating is but a single incident in a process of wooing before and after. The rebels insist on the wooing before. They are silent upon the need which the woman, as distinguished from the harlot, or from the thrill-seeker, feels for the continued tenderness afterwards. Where the intimacy is not so exclusive and continued, every fibre of dignity in her protests against the cheapening that is otherwise suggested. Men and women of normal intuitions can not always put into words their sense of the resulting sullying of personality. It is much more important that they feel the difference between gratifying passion and being treated as a person, or if you will, as a soul.

Historians of manners and morals will find it hard to explain why the advocates of greater freedom in this field are at the same time such valiant foes of "standardization." Here

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on the one hand we are urged to resist the tendency to uniformity. On the other hand, women are exhorted to give up a distinctive trait by taking sex freedom as casually as the man. There still are certain civilizing influences which specially characterize women, aptitudes very closely wrapped up with the old-fashioned promptings which inclined them to desire permanent unions. How the new equality is to promote a more richly varied civilization is not easy to understand.

When we are told that experimenting here will fit young people better to find their partners for life, again we can not help wondering. "Experimentation" is one of those modern terms which get a certain glamor from their usefulness to science, but which for that reason are apt to suffer from an uncritical popularity. For experimenters to be scientific, we had supposed, they must be relatively mature, already fairly well-trained in the elementary requirements of their specialty and possessed of at least a moderate degree of dispassionate objectivity. Scarcely distinctive marks of youth, particularly when they contemplate experimentation in sex. Will persons who demand freedom for repeated love always make sure that they really love the ones with whom they are intimate? We deal here with feelings powerful enough in adults who have already learned some of the grave consequences to which errors may lead. Mere boys and girls have their own difficulties, too. When they are told that the modern thing is complete freedom, provided of course there is love, will the negative after-thought be as likely to be heeded as the counsel to go ahead? It is expecting a great deal to suppose that they will make certain that what they feel is not the passing fancy, or the sheer animal indulgence, which their spokesmen condemn.

This freedom before marriage is presumed to fit the young people to choose more wisely and so make the permanent union a success when once they settle down to it. But successful marriage is an achievement which is much less simple than that. It is an affair for grown-ups who have disciplined themselves in the essentials. If experience may still be suffered to have the floor, husband and wife need such gifts as forbearance, seeing their difficulties in proportion, a willingness to share burdens, a certain patience. These are achievements that require more than a trifle of practice. Will people take the trouble to cultivate them when they know that they can change their partners lightly? Husband and wife need a growing understanding of each other — not to mention yet what this means for their children. People do not make the same preparation for a day's hike as for a trip around the world.

When the accent is laid upon escape through this freedom to change, there is less incentive to look for the qualities in the future partner which will wear well. Still more, if these impermanent relations are encouraged, how are people likely to feel the need to cultivate the solid, lasting qualities in themselves? Persons who are free to flit from one intimate experience to another will hardly make the effort to understand their partners or to cultivate in

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themselves the other qualities required for a lasting success. To reap the finest fruits of the permanent union, something better is needed than minds soaked in the idea of escaping as soon as new liking arises.

To say that experimenting will fit young people better to find their life-partners, if at all, after they have tired of shopping around, is by no means as realistic as it sounds. Rather does it seem to suggest that "realists" too practise evasion. For a relationship which requires the utmost consideration, self-control, unselfish loyalty, respect for privacy, let people prepare by looseness and promiscuity. Almost this resembles preparing for a position of financial trust by experimentation in embezzling. The unions are to be "temporary." But temporary experiences can have hurtful effects which remain.

It is also proposed, that people who are married should get over their jealousy, and "put up with such temporary fancies as are always liable to occur, provided the underlying affection remains intact." The jealousy which frowns upon these temporary fancies is "a restrictive and hostile emotion rather than a generous and expansive emotion such as love." It is merely a hangover from the days when a man completely owned his wife and wanted to be sure that the inheritors of the family property were not some other man's children.

This playing up of the "possessive" aspect of jealousy in sharp contrast with the "generous and expansive" side of love is typical. What about being jealous about a partner's good name and still better for that other's good life? There are men or women who consent to let a partner marry somebody else, with no possessive feelings, yet are jealous in being deeply wounded. Like Fleur's husband in Galsworthy's *Modern Comedy*, the man has always thought his wife an honorable woman. Now he finds that she has been carrying on this sneaky affair. If he loves her, he is hurt just as much for her sake as for his own. His jealousy is not entirely the possessive impulse in him. It may be a very true concern for that potentially better self in her to which she has not measured up.

Or here is a wife who has shared with her husband years of trouble as well as joy. She has borne children. She has given them her care. Years of watching over them in health and in sickness have robbed her of the beauty which a less responsible or a younger woman still possesses; and now if she is jealous of her husband's new infatuation, is her feeling only possessive? May it not be quite as much a reminder to him of that finer possibility, his capacity for loyal partnership, which he is permitting the passion for another to undermine and destroy?

Mr. Russell (quoted here so frequently because he happens to be the outstanding spokesman of the new dispensation) assures us: "To close one's mind on marriage against all the approaches of love from elsewhere is to diminish receptivity and sympathy and the opportunities of *valuable human contacts*. . . . [Italics ours] Like every kind of restrictive morality it tends to promote what one may call a policeman's outlook upon the whole of human life—the

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outlook which is always looking for an opportunity to forbid something." It is hard to reconcile this with the statement that the best relation is that of love in permanent marriage. A strange love this, afraid to commit itself and open always to "approaches from elsewhere." It is like saying, "I love you, but with my fingers crossed." "I am yours — with reservations." "I promise to be faithful — but only until I am tempted."

Assuredly if a man remains true to his wife, he is cutting himself off from other "valuable human contacts." But somehow this does sound very much like arguing, "If I am honest and keep my hands off other people's property, I am depriving myself of valuable acquisitions. Certainly if I stole that automobile, I would not be missing the valuable contacts I might otherwise enjoy." Eat your cake and still have it. Love at its best is not likely to be understood by people open to the persuasions which more than once through the centuries have turned marriage into failure. These new proposals are less novel than they seem. The terminology is different. But the plea looks perilously like a new white-wash for a very old frailty.

Mr. Russell evidently has his doubts about this jealousy business. He sees what an obstacle it raises to the permanent marriage in which he declares he believes. So he recommends that jealousy be expelled from people's lives by changing public opinion with regard to it. He fondly hopes that eventually they can be educated into dropping it.

This is a rather curious line to take. He has been insistent, though he tells us he is not a Freudian, that to suppress natural impulses is hurtful. These are to be liberated; and now, when he has to deal with a natural impulse like jealousy, does he hold that *this* should be gratified? He does not say, as he does of the love impulses, that jealousy has its part to play in bettering the relations of men and women. Because it interferes with his favored plan of spontaneity and freedom, he asks that people be educated out of it.

Such trust in the power of a moral education seems somewhat odd. On hearing this plea to educate mankind out of the jealous element in its affections, one can not help asking, "Why pin your faith to a moral education in this one particular direction? Might not something be said for educating the other natural impulses, the roving affection, the unhindered love-making which you are so sure promises joy to everybody? If education is the way, why not educate for the kind of living which makes the jealousy unnecessary?"

Perhaps all this is but one aspect of the general problem of forgiveness. There is no field of conduct in which people can be more fiercely tempted than in sex. Husband and wife, like parents, are obliged to remember often how imperfectly civilized most of us still are. But it is one thing to forgive with an eye to the restoration of the transgressor and quite another to say, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and repeat the offense." All in the name of progress! As an English wit put it, some of the rebels take the new gospel so seriously that almost "they sin now from a sense of duty."

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The basic philosophy in all this is individualistic. To relate one human life to another it has no other plan but the libertarian "Do not interfere. Let each take his own way of being happy, so long as he does not hurt anybody else." This is of course better than hurting, certainly better than officious, bigoted censorship. But as a positive plan for the relating of life to life, it is pitifully meagre. It is blind to the influence on others which people's conduct exercises even without intending to do so. Much as all of us are inclined to resent the repetition of the platitude, the affairs of men and women are not entirely their own business. The looser conduct of those who are childless creates a moral atmosphere in which it is harder for those who have children to remain faithful. Does any one suppose that free love can be restricted to people who do not expect to have children? A light way of taking so very intimate a relationship weakens the moral stamina of many parents whose children need from both of them the utmost loyalty to each other.

More positively, in the true marriage, the husband seeks to encourage the best in his wife, and she the best in him, for the sake of a still different best in their children. This is a life-long job, not likely to be prospered by the philosophies of impermanence. Dean Gauss of Princeton tells us that broken homes contribute three to four times more problem cases among the students than homes which might be classed as normal. The reason is plain enough to those who understand what still distinguishes a home from a stock-farm. The best contribution of the parents to their children is a spiritual gift. The man encourages his wife to offer their children all that is most excellent in her, and she in turn exercises this liberating influence upon the father. So engrossing a relation requires a growing knowledge, each of the other; and it requires long years of a comradeship in which control over roving inclination is only a minimum essential.

The problem is more than a question of whether husband and wife continue to love each other as before. Priceless as the love and the joy are, there is something in the successful union which is of still profounder consequence. At the beginning the two people want to unite their lives because they trust each other. They see in one another not simply capacity for affection, but other qualities to which each can sincerely look up. It is because they catch glimpses of this excellence and trust it that they take the great adventure together. Marriages succeed to the extent that people understand the need of keeping on trying to deserve the trust. It is in this direction that we do well to want society to offer them all help.

WHAT then can be done? At many points the home of the future will be changed for the better. The teaching of contraception will be legal. Needless economic strains will be removed. Today, especially for people in the professions, marriage must be postponed much longer than a saner economic order would require. A wiser understanding of the psychology of sex will prevent many a wreck. But in all this the ultimate direction is everything.

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The great need is neither more liberty nor stricter divorce laws, but rather a higher grade of personality and all that develops such inner excellence. Quite as the honorable need neither severer laws nor looser ones to tell them what honesty is, so the truly married understand, without law or other external coercion, what those loyalties are which make their union an increasingly noble companionship. The arch need is a training of people in the ordered freedom of those who respect the highest in others and in themselves. It is a training which must begin with children's earliest years. Sometimes successful marriages just happen, or seem to. But school and home can do much to increase the certainty. It is curious how some people can regard the basic moral qualities as essential to all the other plain business of every day but dismiss them as negligible or minor in the business of marriage. Better than keeping one's eye open to escape from the marriage which has failed is an education, before and after marriage, in those sounder modes of living which even the disillusions of recent years have not quite discredited.

Take, for instance, the need to discuss with young people the views of marriage which they get from their reading, or see on the stage, or in the movie-house, where ideas about life are suggested with a vividness unequalled by any other educational agency we can mention. The stories from which the great multitudes get their pictures of marriage are about as misleading as can be imagined. Parents and teachers must do no little plain speaking on this head. Endless tales give the impression that the main thing in marriage is the physical joy; and not a few persons are quite prepared to accept the suggestion as final. It takes a skill not always at the command of Hollywood to paint the relationship in which this side of marriage finds its place among other considerations at least equally relevant. Our tales of courtship are shown with the lovers at last united and the impression left that all the rest is to be unending honeymoon, achieved at no other cost than just staying romantic or keeping that school-girl complexion.

Or else when the story treats of the years after marriage, it centres the interest in some type of triangle plot. Entertainment must perforce be supplied by suspense, conflict, climax. Obviously, in a play about marriage, the surest way to offer these is to stage a conflict around forbidden desire. For this reason we can count upon our ten fingers good books or plays about the marriages which succeed. Where are the usual thrills when the two people are not even tempted to be unfaithful? It is the editor's counsel to the cub reporter all over again. When Dorothy Canfield told of a successful union in *The Deepening Stream*, she was obliged to get movement into the story by linking the marriage to the World War. In another novel without a triangle plot, H. G. Wells's *Marriage*, the two people were packed off from a British suburb to Labrador where the husband nearly lost his life in the woods. Most couples have to work out the plot in scenes no wilder than Flatbush or Pasadena.

The same limitation applies to

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the treatises on marriage. Literary advantage is all on the side of those who are more "scientific" because, as a young reviewer once tried to assure the writer, "they have the documents." But the successfully married still keep that respect for privacy which forbids them to counter with documents of their own; and in any event the dramatic thrills would still be on the other stage.

On all these matters there is ample opportunity for education. Likewise with respect to "experimenting." If people desire to promote progress, the proposals of the libertarians are not the only avenues open. What about proving the spiritual advantages in genuine monogamy? Even Mr. Russell is for life-long marriage as the best arrangement. Why not experiment here? The union of men and women in a truly spiritual relationship offers endless chance to work out constantly more excellent dealings. In such unions, fidelity, self-mastery and life-long honorable devotion are no tabus forced on people by a herd-minded society. They are no more imposed upon the morally sensitive by society than are the rules of hygiene. The moralities are ways to our own soundest health and self-fulfilment. If they are forced upon us at all, it is by the realities of the situation, of that entire situation in which the higher self in all concerned receives due homage.

It is this which gives marriage the honored place it is likely to hold in spite of changing fashions. More than any other institutions, this one has done its big part to develop in the human race the essential traits of loyal responsibility, faithful devotion and unselfish respect. Men and women have always needed one another. They always will need one another — but at their best and finest. To weaken the regard for chastity, for self-control, for fidelity at points where such faithfulness is irksome, deserves another name than progress.

The failures are sad enough. But it is no solution to erect into a standard the conduct of those who have failed. Men and women fail in other ways too. They lie and cheat, many of them; and no laws can force them to be honest. Should this suggest that we give up trying to develop in children a love of honesty? It would surely seem the greater compliment to our much-derided human nature and a more deserving direction for human effort to hold up as pattern, not the one which takes people's weaknesses as final, but the one which puts its trust in their potential strength.

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Wizards with Boot-Straps

By William Trufant Foster

Who comments, among other things, on the Honorable Allen T. Treadway's arguments for the sales tax in last month's issue

The *Leviathan* is steaming at the dock. It is a technological marvel. Not even the awe-inspiring adjectives of the Technocrats could do it justice. It can carry across the ocean in a week more goods than the entire fleet of Columbus could have carried during the entire reign of Isabella. We can trust the ergs to do their part; we can trust the machinery to do its part, with friction reduced to a minimum.

Will the *Leviathan*, then, carry to Europe a full cargo, and promptly bring back a full cargo in return? It will not. Too much of the sand of politics has been thrown into the gears. Goods can not be moved by ergs alone.

One a penny, two a penny; who will buy my wares?

And here are palatial bank buildings. Master creations of the wizards of technology. Marble monuments to the wizards of finance. These structures are bristling with labor-saving contrivances, all charted in the 300 Technocratic graphs, which were worshiped by the faithful at Morningside Heights before the great Hegira; bristling with machines which can make as many calculations in an hour as Einstein could make in a lifetime; and resting on the foundation of forty per cent of the total monetary gold stocks of the world — wealth that suggests the dreams of old King Midas!

What do we do with all this gold and all this mechanically perfect equipment for pumping life-blood through the veins of commerce? Do we see to it that one hundred million people who are eager to buy obtain the necessary flow of money? We do not.

Ships are ready; mills, mines, machines, materials and men are ready; locomotives, blue-prints, trucks and turbines; every need is at hand — every physical requirement for abolishing poverty that we possessed in the heights of prosperity. Do we make full use of these amazing resources? We do not. We stumble along, as though half-paralyzed by the blighting hand of the sorcerer which we call the business cycle.

Yet it is not wizards of magic but wizards of finance who have performed the miracle. The manipulations of the magic wand are easy to

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follow: the quickness of the hand of the financier does not deceive the eye of the statistician.

This is what the statistician sees. More than ninety per cent of the business of this country is conducted by means of checks on demand deposits; but in two years the volume of demand deposits declined more than nine billion dollars. Worse still, what deposits were left loafed on the job: each dollar was used only three times in 1931, for every five times it was used in 1929. Just before the stock market crash of 1929, the total of "money in circulation" and bank deposits was approximately sixty billion dollars. The turnover was represented by an index number of 190. The index of effective purchasing power was, therefore, 60 multiplied by 190, or 11,400. By the middle of 1932, this index had fallen to 48 multiplied by 70, or 3,360. Inevitably, wages also fell off more than nine billion dollars. Inevitably, consumption slumped.

One a penny, two a penny; who will buy my wares?

No one need seek further for the paramount cause of business paralysis in the United States. It is not woman suffrage, or sun spots, or the World War, or European politics, or extravagance, or sudden increases in production or turbines of 300,000 horse-power. The reason why business as a whole is only half alive is a deficiency of the flow of the life-blood of business. The essential streams of credit have dried up. Fewer workers are employed, less wealth is produced, solely because business as a whole can not sell so much wealth.

Consumption regulates production. The buyer rings the bell. Let the buyer sound the alarm and sellers rush after him like firemen to a fire. The whole industrial world, from the filling station to the oil well, moves at the command of the consumer, and only at his command. But the consumer can not make his voice heard without money.

WHAT, then, shall we say of those cures for the depression which do nothing toward increasing the flow of money to consumers? What measure of recovery, for example, can we reasonably expect from the "Share-the-Work" plan? This movement, as conducted by the Federal Reserve Banking and Industrial Committees, is proposed as "a concentrated attack on the depression from a new angle." The employer, we read, "merely divides his present pay-roll among greater numbers of workers." He does nothing, and is expected to do nothing, to increase purchasing power. Yet this plan, the announcement says, "will inevitably result in an increase in the volume of food, clothing, shelter and services purchased." It will "accelerate consumption."

"It is doubtful," says Mr. Hoover, "whether any action we could take at this time would so greatly accelerate our progress, or so quickly give us, as a nation, the benefit of widespread spending power." The Chief of the United States Bureau of Efficiency agrees. "Shortening the work week," he asserts, "is the most important step that can be taken toward economic recovery." The Federal Reserve Committees conclude that "there is no quicker way to reverse the vicious circle of falling prices,

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falling wage and salary levels, and falling sales volume."

This seems to be another sleight-of-hand performance of the wizards of finance. The realistic wage-earner — always eager to do his part to "accelerate consumption" — can not see how two men, each earning fifteen dollars a week, can buy more goods than one man, earning thirty dollars a week. Under present conditions, the Share-the-Work plan does not increase total pay-rolls. Therefore it does not increase total consumption or sales volume. It is merely a device for distributing a given amount of suffering among a larger number of persons.

Under the new slogan, "Share-the-Work," we find the same old fallacies which have long been used in support of the four-hour day. That, too, is a work-sharing device. "The four-hour day," says George Bernard Shaw, "would solve the problem." That sounds logical. If the workers now labor eight hours a day, it might take twice as many workers to do the same work in four hours. But if that is the way to abolish unemployment, why has it not been abolished? A decade or two ago, the ten-hour day and even the twelve-hour day were common. Then came shorter hours; also fewer days per week for most workers. But shortening the hours of labor did not shorten the bread lines.

Shorter hours actually would end this depression if shorter hours yielded increased purchasing power. But leisure is not legal tender. More leisure we ought to have; but more leisure does not necessarily mean more consumption. If it did, we should now be on the heights of a record-breaking boom.

"An extra day of leisure," says Henry Ford, "is going to bring large results, for the people will have time to expand their sense of need, and therefore will increase their consumption." That seems to be a mistaken notion. The "sense of need" is already keen enough. Wage-earners, as a whole, already have plenty of time in which to spend all the money which they have to spend; and there are already plenty of things which they would like to buy. They can not buy these things with free time.

Workers with a five-day week will spend more money than workers with a six-day week, if they have more money. Otherwise, they will not. Workers with a four-hour day will spend more money than workers with an eight-hour day, if they have more money. Otherwise, they will not. Two men with one job divided between them will accelerate consumption more than one man, if the job yields higher wages. Otherwise, they will not.

A shorter working day may well come — inevitably will come — as a reward for the use of inventions and power, made possible by good management of business and banking. This means gaining ground. But a shorter working day forced upon us as a penalty for bad management means losing ground.

Certainly it is better to provide free soup kitchens than to let men starve; but no form of charity is an attack upon the depression. Certainly it is better to share the pay-roll than to leave men without any pay at all; but no device for a wider distribution of a given pay-roll is an attack upon the depression. The only sound way speedily to stop the de-

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pression is to increase total pay-rolls. That is the only way speedily to accelerate consumption, raise the price level and increase the volume of trade.

YET, in the depths of a depression which continues solely because consumption continues to decline, the wizards of finance now propose still further to reduce consumption by means of the sales tax. This may well be the crowning performance in the show of the political prestidigitators. To "accelerate consumption" by taking money away from some wage-earners and giving it to others is marvelous enough. But to accelerate consumption by reducing consumption is even more magical.

Some of those who favor the sales tax, it is true, contend that such a tax is not a tax on consumption. In the next breath, however, they advocate exemption from taxation of "the necessities of life," in order that the burden of taxation may not fall too heavily on the poor. This is confusing. Either the consumer pays the tax, or he does not. If he pays it, his purchasing power over goods is reduced. If he does not pay it, there is no point in exempting food, medicines, low-priced clothing, or any of the other "necessities of life."

As a matter of fact, consumers inevitably pay the great bulk of sales taxes of every description. Business as a whole has no source of income except consumers. In the long run, business as a whole either obtains from consumers the money which is demanded by the tax-gatherers, or business does not pay the taxes at all. The sales tax provides no new dollars. It does not even pretend to perform any sleight-of-hand tricks with the currency.

It is difficult, to say the least, to see any basis for Mr. Treadway's contention that the sales tax would provide an artificial stimulus to business by raising prices.

Nor is it easy to discover much force in his argument that the sales tax is, to any degree worth mentioning, a voluntary tax upon the part of the people; or in his further argument that the principle of ability to pay is not wholly violated, because the graduated income tax would still be retained. We can argue until the poor widow's cow comes home about the justice of the sales tax: the fact remains that it taxes her last dollar, while it leaves untaxed the huge income of the rich which is received upon tax-exempt securities. It is no comfort to the poor widow to tell her that the sales tax is voluntary. Either the sales tax goes so far with exemptions that it produces very little revenue, or else it taxes the poor widow.

In any event, the burden of taxation is the point at issue, and the burden is not measured by the number of dollars of the tax. The rich man is obliged to spend but a small proportion of his income; the poor man is obliged to spend nearly all. The rich man, moreover, spends on services a much larger proportion of his income than does the poor man; and the manufacturers' sales tax, as advocated by Mr. Treadway, does not tax services.

The national budget is unbalanced, Mr. Treadway says, largely because of extra appropriations for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Federal land banks and

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public works. To his mind, there is, therefore, one and only one sound conclusion: we must devise a new form of taxation, and the sales tax is the best form. Is there not another conclusion, at least equally sound? Might not the Government do what business men are constantly urging the Government to do, namely, adopt the established practices of our most conservative private corporations? If the Government followed these practices, it would not charge such capital investments as R. F. C. loans and public works to the budget of the year in which such investments were made. It would charge only interest and sinking fund payments. The Government might also cease paying off debts, until business recovery is achieved, and debts can be paid without the levy of additional taxes. By such good business methods, in addition to those already adopted, the Government could balance its budget without a sales tax.

"Our tax needs today," says Mr. Treadway, "are an inheritance from our expenditures of yesterday. We are now reaping the harvest of national extravagance which followed the War, and our lack of foresight in failing to realize the inevitable result of profligacy." This is the orthodox confession of our sins. It has been repeated over and over. Indeed, it has been chanted by so many bankers and politicians and other preachers, that it seems sacrilegious to deny that the nation was extravagant. Yet the denial is based on Federal Reserve Board statistics, ample for the purpose and reliable. The facts are also set forth in the standard work on this subject, *Real Wages*, by Paul H. Douglas. As a matter of fact, in every one of the years of alleged riotous living, from 1922 to 1929, the nation produced far more than it consumed. Is this extravagant? The surplus was saved partly in the form of paper evidences of foreign loans. (Some of these have been used by a thrifty inn-keeper as wall paper.) The rest of the surplus was saved mainly in the form of mills, mines, power plants, office buildings, railroad equipment and the like. These savings, taken as a whole, proved to be excessive. Any banker will admit that, even while deploring our national extravagance. Our capital savings were excessive, taken as a whole, solely because our spending did not keep pace with our saving. Far from having been profligate, the nation wasted its substance in riotous saving.

And now those with excess capacity for saving are still saving to excess. There is no dearth of savings — no dearth of capital seeking safe investments. The dearth of investments in private business results solely from a dearth of spenders. Again, consumption regulates production, and alone justifies further investment in production. Under existing conditions, taxes on savers would help business; taxes on spenders would hurt business.

"One a penny, two a penny," cries business, in plaintive tones, "who will buy my wares?"

NOTHING but an increased volume of consumer buying can restore prosperity. The sales tax reduces the volume. Every one knows that with a given quantity of money, he can buy and pay for a given quantity of goods, at given prices, *and no more.*

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(By money we mean, of course, currency of all kinds, as well as checks on bank deposits.) What is true of each of us individually is true of all of us put together.

This means that in the United States, in any one year, the volume of goods that can be bought and paid for, without a fall in the price level, is determined by the quantity of money in circulation and the average number of times the money is used to pay for goods. Other factors remaining the same, more goods can not be sold unless there is more money in circulation. When the money in circulation is reduced, the volume of trade must be reduced, or the price level must fall. That is one statement of the much discussed Quantity Theory of Money. That statement is true — absolutely. It is true of long periods of time and short periods. It is not a subject for argument. There is as much ground for challenging the equation: $2 \times 6 = 3 \times 4$.

This does not tell us whether falling prices are caused by decreases in the volume of money, or decreases in the volume of money are caused by falling prices. But for practical purposes, we do not need to know. What we *do* need to know, when business lags, is how we can stop the fall in the commodity price level and regain our lost volume of trade and employment. The Quantity Theory of Money gives us an essential part of the answer.

In 1930, one of our business leaders, now in a high Federal Reserve office, said to the President: "I don't know whether you believe in the Quantity Theory of Money. I don't know whether I do. But there is no hope for a revival of business unless we do." Apparently, they didn't. They have opposed the only effective measures which have been designed to keep in circulation a sufficient volume of money to sustain employment and the price level. On the other hand, they have highly praised such futile measures as the "Buy Now" and "Stop Hoarding" campaigns, the price-fixing plans, the Share-the-Work and Tax-the-Sales movements.

Under the guidance of the wizards of finance, we attempt incredible acts of levitation. We endeavor to lift business without visible means of support. We expect consumers, who evidently lack enough money to buy the current output, at current prices, to buy it, nevertheless, and then — presto! with their sleeves rolled up — produce out of the thin air enough additional good round dollars to pay taxes on what they buy. When, as at present, business is suffering from over saving and under spending, we tax spending and encourage saving. When, as in 1928, income taxes are relatively easy to pay, we reduce taxes; but when, as in 1932, income taxes are hard to pay, we increase taxes. When the turnover of bank deposits is at its height, and a tax on turnover would do no harm, we take no action; but when, as at present, business is in dire need of increased turnover of bank deposits, we levy a tax on turnover. When expansion of bank loans is carrying stock prices to dizzy heights, we lend freely, eagerly, jubilantly; but when contraction of bank loans is strangling business, we further contract loans. We pass a House bill authorizing the use of $75,000,000 for crop

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loan extension, and at the same time pass an allotment bill for the prevention of crop extension. We pass a bill which requires consumers to pay an extra half billion dollars for certain farm products, without any idea where consumers are to obtain all these extra dollars.

Here, then, restated, is the gist of the matter: the only way speedily to stop the depression is to increase total pay-rolls. That is the only way speedily to accelerate consumption, raise the price level, increase trade.

That way is now feasible. The United States has huge unused monetary resources. Evidence of the huge available surplus of credit is found in the half billion of excess reserves which the member banks now carry.

The Federal Reserve Banking and Industrial Committees can best attack the depression by sponsoring measures — the Kent plan or the Rorty plan, for example, or slum clearance, in addition to aiding the States to prevent retrenchment in education — for the purpose of getting these idle funds into circulation at the point of wages. Recovery will come quickly, not through splitting up the pay-rolls into smaller portions, or taking more from them in taxes, but through increasing the pay-rolls. The industrial world, now suffering from monetary malnutrition, needs a larger loaf of bread, not the same loaf cut in thinner slices, with some thrown away. The only cure is *increased* consumption.

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War Makes the Hero

By Louise Maunsell Field

The present lack of heroes emphasizes our failure to find a "moral equivalent for war"

Among the many phenomena to be observed at the present day few are more striking or more significant than the almost complete disappearance of the acclaimed hero. Once dominant, he has now vanished, not only from literature and the stage, but from life. Which is perhaps more important.

The old phraseology, it is true, still lingers on. Occasionally you hear people speak of the hero and heroine of some play or novel. But nowadays it is only the heroine who is ever permitted to be truly heroic, and that more and more reluctantly, more and more grudgingly. As far as the so-called serious novel is concerned, the hero has been superseded by a whining, sniveling creature with somewhat less backbone than an ordinary self-respecting jellyfish, while on the stage he has only too often been replaced by a wise-cracking bounder with the conceit as well as the morals of a rooster and the intelligence of a hen. If the hero of old was often more or less of a superman, his successor is certainly a good deal of a subman. In recent years real life has produced but one acknowledged and generally acclaimed hero: Colonel Lindbergh. For though it is quite true that the golf champion and the motion picture star are often followed and belauded, it is only by a comparatively small and usually quite unintelligent portion of the population, somewhat piteously striving to find some one to adore. The adulation of such as these has in it little of true hero-worship. Rather is it the tribute paid by the unthinking to success of any sort, whether it be won by sportsman, politician, bootlegger or racketeer.

The change is great; the reason for it extremely simple. For the no-hero situation has been brought about principally if not entirely by the revolution resulting from the World War. Not the Russian Revolution nor the German nor the Austrian, but that which has transformed the general mental and moral attitude, especially in England and the United States. For generations war has been deplored, more or less sincerely. After every conflict, big or little, there were those who pointed out how much had been lost by it and how little achieved. But even

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while fighting in general was rebuked, there was always abundant and enthusiastic praise for some fighting in particular, and any amount of applause for the fighter—applause which was usually loud enough to drown out all else.

It is, too, an outstanding fact that after all other wars, big or little, the participants have been not only willing but proud and glad to relate their experiences. Their fondness for talking about them was inexhaustible, and to their hearers, it would seem, not infrequently exhausting. But the men who in the recent War did the actual fighting remain for the most part grimly silent. Try to get any of these veterans to "swap yarns" for you, and see how meagre are the results. Occasionally one of them writes a book; and almost invariably his pen drips vitriol.

Both the conscience and the instinct of the people of the English-speaking nations have revolted against war. Not because of any loss of courage; never was there more bravery shown than in the late War. Not because of any ardent objection to fighting in itself, either, but because of a very pronounced objection to fighting against machines and chemicals.

The story of Bannockburn can thrill, even today; the tale of the little *Revenge*, like that of the encounter between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, has not lost its stirring power. There is gallantry in these, something to kindle and enthrall the imagination. But there is nothing debonair in long range guns shelling an unseen target; there is only horror in the stealthy approach of the submarine and in the invisible wave of poison gas. For what can bravery, no matter how splendid, how heroic, do against these?

But as far back as the spade of the archeologist has yet taken us, it is war which has made the acclaimed hero. The great gods of old were fighting gods. Horus led the battle against the malign forces of the wicked Set; Babylonian Marduk was leader of the hosts in time of war, as was Asshur of Assyria. The gods and many of the goddesses of Greece and Rome bore weapons. Jupiter wielded the thunderbolt; Artemis had her bow, as did Apollo; Athena, goddess of wisdom though she was, was a goddess of war also, who wore a helmet on her brow and carried spear and shield. It was the heroes who fell on the field of battle that the Valkyrs lifted upon their horses to ride with them to Valhalla. Jehovah Himself was the Lord of Battles, and many of our most familiar Christian hymns are replete with war imagery, often describing in quite graphic terms the triumph to be won by Christian forces over the hosts of Satan.

The kings about whose names legend has best loved to hang garlands were kings who themselves led their armies into battle—Arthur and Alfred and Richard Coeur-de-Lion, Charles Martel and Charlemagne and Henry of Navarre. Napoleon was a great law-giver; but it is as a great general and a great conqueror that he caught the imagination of the world, and it is as general and conqueror that his spell continues to hold, even in our own iconoclastic day. Many who know of Austerlitz

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and Wagram would in truth be more than a little puzzled how to answer if asked whether the Code Napoleon was the work of the first Napoleon or of the third. The exploits of General Washington are far more familiar to most of us than the achievements of President Washington. It was because Ulysses S. Grant was the successful general of a victorious army that he became President of the United States; it was along San Juan Hill that the road lay which led Theodore Roosevelt to the White House.

But all this soldier-hero worship was abruptly changed by the appalling waste and suffering, the utter and intolerable hideousness of the World War. General in command of a victorious army though he was, Pershing's Presidential boom proved too feeble to be long-lived; in the last political campaign he was scarcely mentioned. The recent Prime Minister of England, Ramsay MacDonald, had a War record which could scarcely be described as of a truly martial type. Neither Harding nor Herbert Hoover nor Franklin Roosevelt was a general or an admiral. Here in the United States, it would seem as if the one manifest desire, the very moment the World War ended, was to forget all about it as rapidly as possible; reminders of it produce, apparently, irritation rather than pride, possibly because those reminders are so often connected with the War debts. The power of the American Legion is simply the power which may be attained by any large and well organized body of men. We cherish the memory of Bunker Hill, and even, strangely enough, of fratricidal Gettysburg, far more tenderly than we do that of Château Thierry. The machine-made impersonal hideousness of modern warfare has obliterated from the minds of many of us everything save its own unspeakable horror.

War in its modern guise has been beyond doubt all but completely discredited; the hero, however, was first and foremost a fighter. If not actually a soldier, he possessed the attributes of one. It was only by prowess in battle of some sort that he won the accolade. "A soldier and a gentleman" was an accepted characterization. And not until kings ceased to lead their armies in person did the power and glamor of kingship begin to decline.

THE qualities which warfare gave the most spectacular opportunities for displaying were the distinguishing qualities of the hero: courage, loyalty, generosity, self-sacrifice, magnanimity. The hero gave no heed whatsoever to his own personal safety, but like Herakles held his life "out in his hand, for any man to take," while the familiar story of Sir Philip Sydney and the cup of water epitomized to a great extent the ideal of the chivalrous soldier-hero. If ordinary men could not do precisely as these did, they could at least admire and applaud and wish to be able to imitate them.

But in our own time, along with the new hatred and revolt against war there has come, not condemnation precisely, but a kind of fear and dislike of qualities associated with the old war-beliefs, and even an attempt to belittle them by an as-

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sumed skepticism regarding their present-day existence anywhere save in the imaginations of the foolishly credulous, and a denial that they ever at any time were as splendid as was once supposed. The idealism which made the old-time hero ready to die for king and country, or to give his life for liberty, is today only too often looked upon as maudlin sentimentality at best and exhibitionism or humbug at the worst. Generosity towards a fallen enemy, admired since the days of ancient Egypt, is ridiculed as illogical, while patriotism is denounced as stupid or dishonest or both. For hundreds, even thousands of years, all these soldier-virtues were in a greater or lesser degree ascribed to the model warrior, and by an easy and natural transition they became the essential attributes of the hero. At the present moment, it is no longer fashionable to believe that such things exist, or ever did exist. The revolt from war has been so extreme as to result in a revolt from all the qualities, good and bad alike, usually associated with it.

How extreme this revolt is, two recently published and highly praised novels clearly indicate: H. G. Wells's *The Bulpington of Blup*, and Sinclair Lewis's *Ann Vickers*. The supposedly admirable male antithesis to Theodore Bulpington is a conscientious objector, who spends the War years safely if not quite comfortably in prison. The men who are the friends, acquaintances and more or less temporary lovers of Ann Vickers are so thoroughly despicable a crew that it is not surprising to find a corrupt and dissipated judge, a creature for whom it is practically impossible to feel anything save wholehearted contempt, chosen as the novel's nearest approach to a desirable and presumably final mate for the heroine. Considering the fact that Ann herself is an unscrupulous cheat, no doubt the pair may be regarded as thoroughly well suited one to the other. In neither of these two books do we find any man for whom we can have any admiration whatsoever, far less one we might justly regard as being even so much as a bit of a hero.

Another result of this distrustful attitude towards the one-time soldier virtues has been to subject the heroes of the past to a vigorous and jubilant process of so-called debunking, whereby their good qualities have been either denied or else minimized as much as possible, and their bad ones magnified, also as much as possible; this being a complete reversal of the older and more generous method, a reversal which achieves no less and perhaps rather more inaccuracy. Attempts have even been made to drag both Washington and Lincoln from their pedestals, while the formerly revered leaders of the Revolutionary Army and of the Continental Congress have been diligently and thoroughly bespattered with mud — several varieties of mud. As for present-day, generally acclaimed heroes — where are they?

WAR is condemned, and justly condemned, as a relic of barbarism. Unfortunately for all of us, we have as yet found nothing to take its place.

With the single exception of the Lindbergh flight, whose very nature made repetition and the setting of a precedent impossible, what peace-

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time achievement has caught and held the imagination of mankind as did, for instance, the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, or the stand of the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ, or that of the little group of farmers on the bridge at Concord? The men who voluntarily permitted themselves to be inoculated with yellow fever rendered an enormous service to humanity at the deliberate risk of their lives. No bravery could possibly be greater than theirs, but how many of us know even so much as their names? The inventors and explorers, the scientists and the philanthropists are for the most part quickly forgotten; the great war-chiefs live on. John Howard did a great and splendid humanitarian work when he struggled for prison reform; was even courageous enough to test out the horrors of the most noisome of prison cells on his own person; but however strenuously we may strive to be "modern" and conceal or deny the fact, Lord Nelson is to most of us a far better known and more exciting person.

For countless generations poets and historians, dramatists and novelists have trained our imaginations to thrill at tales of battles. Long before the author of the so-called *Poem of Pentaur* extolled the valor of Ramesis II at the Battle of Kadesh, long before Homer chanted the great deeds performed at the siege of Troy, bards and scribes had celebrated the courage and the exploits of fighting heroes and warrior chieftains. From land to land, from sea to sea and from generation to generation, the same spirit prevailed. The Indian *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*, no less than the later Welsh *Mabinogeon* and the French *Chanson de Roland*, though they might disagree in all else, were alike in that they celebrated the courage of the warrior and gave numerous descriptions of hard-fought combats.

From those far-off times down to the beginning of the present century, if not to 1918 and the close of the World War, heroism was almost if not entirely synonymous with war. The leader of whom historian, poet and novelist delighted to write, the leader whom the multitude followed most willingly in time of peace as well as in time of war, was the leader who had been tested and proved by ordeal of battle.

And now that poison gas and submarines, barbed wire and Big Berthas have utterly discredited war, we have nothing with which to fill its place. The change has been too sudden. Our imaginations, trained to associate heroism with battle, have not yet had time to make the difficult readjustment, an adjustment made doubly difficult both by the natural primitive fighting instincts of human nature and by the fact that it is practically impossible to read any of the great literature of the past without reading the praises of one warrior hero or another. Moreover, no satisfactory substitute has yet appeared, partly because all those achievements of which satisfactory substitutes might perhaps have been made coexisted with and were long over-shadowed by the conception of "glorious war," and partly because the temper of the present day is one which likes to drag down rather than to exalt, and prefers contemplating a garbage pile

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to looking upwards at the splendor of the Milky Way.

To a very great extent, this temper is itself a result of the collapse of the war ideal which dragged, or at least seemed to drag so many others down with it to destruction that the very word has become a thing of disrepute, almost of shame. To call a person an idealist is today something not unlike an insult; it is almost though perhaps not quite as bad as describing him as good-hearted, or pious. The economic depression which has forced most of us to devote every scrap of energy we possess to the task of obtaining the fundamental requisites of food, clothing and shelter, if not for ourselves, then for others, has emphasized what the War began, stressing the material needs to such an extent that any others are all but completely forgotten. How indeed could it possibly be otherwise? Little else seems of any importance whatsoever to the man or woman who has lost the job which meant food and fire and a roof, meant life itself. But from all such sordid considerations the old time war hero was sublimely immune. It was the business of the Government to clothe and feed and care for the man in the ranks, while from hovel to castle every door in the land opened readily at the summons of Sir Galahad. The Chevalier Bayard was not only without fear and without reproach; he was also undarkened by anything in the shape of an income tax.

The War and the depression have combined to engender a sick disgust with the ideas and ideals of the past, a disgust so sweeping and so indiscriminating in its condemnations that it is ready to discard the good with the bad, the hero with the warfare which was his creator.

Any return to the old idealization of war seems at the present moment as improbable as it is undesirable; yet the hero is needed, and it is greatly to be hoped that his resurrection will be brought about, if not in one way, then in another. Whether the future will prove able to take the rather contemptuous condescension out of the old saying that "Peace hath her victories no less than war," transforming it into an assertion that the victories of peace are quite as splendid and even more important than those of war, only time can tell. If this should ever happen, if any peace-time substitutes for war should ever show themselves capable of developing as strong an appeal to the emotions and the imagination as war once possessed, then it may well be that the hero will come back to us in another guise, perhaps in one which will minimize if it does not completely obliterate his ancient origin. War made heroes; let us hope that peace also will learn to make them successfully, and even more satisfactorily.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

MORE than two thousand miles of non-literary landscape have flowed past the eyes of the Landscaper since he last sat down to record his observations on books, and this article is being written in Tampa, Florida, the first long pause on a journey that is not yet finished. To an old-timer who can remember without any effort when a twelve-mile trip into the country to see plantation kinsfolk was a matter of hours in the making, and of days of discussion in preparation, there is something miraculous about the ease with which one can fly about the country now, when a day's journey by automobile may run as high as half a thousand miles without any special effort, and when it is possible to drive from freezing New York into tropical Miami in only a little more than a week-end. The strongest impression of such a trip made just now is of endless stretches of excellent roads with no traffic; of a sense of loneliness for lack of fellow travelers.

More than once the Landscaper has been reminded of the magnificent highways built in Spain by Primo de Rivera, on which one may drive for hours without meeting another car, the only traffic danger being high-wheeled carts or donkey trains. In some of the Southern States, this danger is matched by wandering herds of cattle; apparently cows are valued so low at present they are not worth keeping off the highways. Just behind the Landscaper, in South Carolina, three New York cars were wrecked by the animals, and it was only by a stroke of good luck that the sudden looming of a large and raw-boned member of one of the herds on the curve of a bridge did not bring disaster to the writer of these travel notes. In Spain there is no traffic, of course, because there are no cars; in America there are still plenty of cars, but gasoline at prevailing prices is a luxury, and except when the cars are needed for business they remain idle over most of the South.

A Desolate Landscape

THIS absence of traffic — the Landscaper is speaking specifically of the Coastal Highway, and not of "U.S.1," which must be well occupied, to judge from the number of New York license plates to be seen in such places as Miami — lends an air of desolation to the entire

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landscape. Tourist camps by the hundreds, offering a night's lodging in a comfortable cabin, with a locked garage, all for $1, are vacant and deserted, and the thousands of gas stations that line the roads are sad witnesses to the unregulated competition in this field, which has resulted in red figures for one of the largest of the country's industries; the producer and wholesaler makes nothing because of the strict competition, and the retailer is in the same fix, because small towns that would do well to support one first-class service station invariably have a dozen or more.

Most of these camps must be survivors of the boom days, when everybody was driving just for the sake of being in motion. There are enough of them now to house a large share of the unemployed of the country in reasonable comfort and decency, and they are in the midst of lands that would lend themselves to food production; if something finally has to be done for all the hundreds of thousands of families that have been uprooted by the Great Depression, the Landscaper offers as his suggestion that Congress buy up these camps and make them into colonies. Certainly most of the people who own them wish somebody else had them, to judge from the expressions on their faces, and from the eagerness with which the very occasional traveler is welcomed. More than one of the camps has been made really attractive, but most of them have the curiously impermanent look of things in America; the pioneering look, as if they would vanish without a trace except perhaps for the hideous skeletons of a few abandoned automobiles, if they were deserted for a few months or years.

Our American Ruins

HERE in Florida, still bearing the strange scars of the famous boom in the shape of vast unfinished buildings, New World ruins, there was so much jerry-building, so much pseudo-Spanish architecture of lath and plaster, that even the most solidly built house looks like a painted backdrop. The Palm Beach palaces, some of them, notably those designed by the late Addison Mizner, are really good to look at, but they too have this same impermanent look, which comes from two things, the more important of which is doubtless this: in Spain the buildings, even to the humblest peasant hut, grow out of the earth and are rooted in it; Florida Spanish has no roots, and being so newly transplanted can not look as if it belonged. The second reason is that everywhere one looks the stucco is really falling off the laths — this in the famous real estate subdivisions with the high-sounding names and rows of castles at the entrance. Every effort is now being made to preserve the original Spanish character of the State, but even in St. Augustine there is almost none left; the Landscaper asked the caretaker of one of the small museums in the city if the Spanish families kept up the language and customs, and the answer was that the woman whose name was Lopez, and whose grandfather had come from Spain, did not know a word of Castilian. She looked, too, as American as if her ancestors had come over in the Mayflower. The

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famous old Fort Marion has its story to tell, and there are two small and uninteresting houses of Spanish construction, together with a monument in the Plaza de la Constitución; otherwise it is the Middle Western horseshoe pitchers in the same Plaza who give St. Augustine its character, not the memories of Ponce de Leon.

The Comeback of Florida

WHAT Florida had to offer originally, however, is still hers, and this year in many places there are more visitors than in any year since the 1929 crash. Miami is crowded; the beach on a sunny day bears a somewhat unfortunate resemblance to Coney Island or Far Rockaway in July. Many Gulf hotels in the neighborhood of Tampa report twenty and twenty-five per cent more business this year than last, and this holds good for some of the more expensive places, although all prices have been reduced. Every town is crowded with cars bearing the licenses of other States; even California contributes its quota. Hundreds of people travel by caravan, their portable homes ranging all the way from crude shelters knocked together by amateur carpenters to *de luxe* bungalows on wheels — "land yachts" some of them are called, and costing as much as $10,000. The Landscaper visited one of these which had comfortable sleeping accommodations for five people, a completely equipped galley that could be used with the car going at any speed, and everything else necessary for touring. An elderly couple were ready to buy it; at sixty or so they had just sold their last piece of Florida property and were ready to travel the rest of their days, Twentieth Century gypsies.

There was a time when Florida was scornful of "Tin-Can Tourists," but now they are welcome enough, and hold an annual convention with hundreds present. Many wanderers of this class settle in the State, which is the nearest thing to a frontier left in America, and an attractive frontier just now because land is dirt-cheap — no pun intended — the weather so warm that a minimum of clothing will suffice; prices at rock-bottom for everything, and all the essential foodstuffs to be raised with a minimum of effort. A new civilization is in the making here, the old American melting pot at work again on familiar materials. Certainly if we are headed for a "subsistence-level," this State is the best place in which to subsist, with food and beauty in abundance and the weather warm enough most of the time for loin cloths.

A Visit to Richmond

BUT to begin at the beginning of the journey, the Landscaper stopped over in Richmond, Virginia, to see Ellen Glasgow in the proper setting of her lovely old Georgian house at Number One West Main Street. Miss Glasgow is one novelist whose conversation has exactly the same flavor as her books; who talks with the same brilliance she writes, a brilliance that reached its peak in *The Sheltered Life*, spoken of more than once before in these pages. It is a brilliance tempered with very great insight and wisdom; not to have read this latest book of hers is to have missed one of the finest novels ever written by an American.

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This is not a snap judgment, either, but the result of several readings and considerable meditation. James Branch Cabell, just home from the annual Literary Guild dinner, came to luncheon at Miss Glasgow's; the two are sufficiently old friends to fence with the buttons off the foils, and as may be imagined, their exchanges are delightful. It would be a breach of hospitality to reveal what they think of some of their contemporaries, but none to set down their agreement that *Candide* is the most amusing book in the world, and *Don Quixote* one of the dullest.

Miss Glasgow's explanation of her feeling in the matter was that wit could be translated, but humor never. Mr. Cabell's new book, which ought to be available now, is a collection of essays called *Special Delivery*, in which he answers some of the letters written to authors. With a book about to appear, he was not discussing plans for the future; Miss Glasgow is still resting from the hard work done on *The Sheltered Life* and beginning to turn another book over in her mind.

Hard-Working Southerners

One thing is certain, there is to be no falling off in literary production from this section of the country in the immediate future. Emily Clark, whose work as editor of *The Reviewer* in Richmond had so much to do with starting a number of the outstanding figures in the present Southern movement, told the Landscaper in Philadelphia that she was making progress on a novel she has been engaged upon for some time; Julia Peterkin is back at Lang Syne plantation in South Carolina beginning work on another book; DuBose Heyward is in Charleston engaged upon the same task; Stark Young is busy with a novel of the Civil War period; Evans Wall, the Mississippian who shares the honors of the State in fiction with William Faulkner, is here in Tampa hard at work, and so it goes. Herbert Ravenel Sass, with whom the Landscaper had a few moments' pleasant chat in the lovely garden of his home in Charleston, is also well along with a manuscript, and Francis Griswold, whose *Tides of Malvern* of a few seasons past was one of the best of recent novels of the Old South, is also busy with another book of the same character. Caroline Gordon, the wife of Allan Tate, the poet, is also finishing a successor to her quite remarkable first novel, *Penhally*.

Williamsburg Restored

From Richmond, the Landscaper drove to Williamsburg and Jamestown, after most of a morning at Westover, the ancestral home of the Byrd family, and a perfect example of a colonial Virginia house in a setting that has all the elements of the dignified simplicity that was so characteristic of the Georgian period. Restored Williamsburg, on which the work is just now being finished, is a delight to the eye, and Jamestown, on such a bright, warm and peaceful afternoon as the Landscaper had the good fortune to see it, is by all odds the most impressive of any historical spot in America.

From Williamsburg the course led southward to Edenton, the oldest town in North Carolina, and as

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delightful a village as any one could find. Then on to Charleston, through torrents of rain and a gale that threatened at times to blow the car off the road, but by late afternoon the sun was out once more, and the Battery quite up to expectations. DuBose Heyward's latest novel, *Peter Ashley*, with its richly and carefully painted background, is almost as much of a guidebook to Charleston as is needed; with it fresh in mind the Landscaper felt at home from the moment of arrival. The glories of Charleston and its gardens have been too much written about to need any praise from the Landscaper; all he has to add is the unkind remark that the really lovely city is becoming too much a haunt of tourists to be as charming as it once was. The air of self-consciousness is unmistakable; a clever Savannah woman summed it up by saying that the place was beginning to look as if Mamoulian had designed it. It was Mamoulian, of course, whose settings and direction contributed so largely to the stage success of Mr. and Mrs. Heyward's play, *Porgy*, and it was *Porgy*, as novel and play, that did a lot to make Charleston over-conscious of its charms.

Whatever one may write about the city, however, it has contributed its full share of writers to the contemporary Southern crop, for, in addition to Mr. Heyward, the city lays claim to Herbert Ravenel Sass, Archibald Rutledge and Josephine Pinckney, to mention only a few of the most distinguished names on the roster. There is a legend that every one in Charleston writes poetry; the Landscaper did not investigate the story, for a number of reasons. . . .

Oglethorpe's Capital

AFTER Charleston there was a halt in Savannah, one of the two cities in the United States that was laid out before it was built, the other being Washington, and which owes its multiplicity of wooded squares to Oglethorpe's notion that these squares, conveniently situated, would serve as places of refuge in case of Indian attacks. It is a beautiful city, with characteristic architecture — high-stooped houses opening directly on the street, and with gardens at the back — and as much Revolutionary history as Charleston, but less pride, wholly uncommercialized up to the present, and likely to remain so unless it is put into a successful novel and sets out to imitate art. There is nothing in or near it so fine as Wormsloe, the plantation home of the De Renne family, with a library housing the most complete collection of documents and books relating to the history of Georgia in existence, the work of three generations of collectors, and great oaks covered with Algerian ivy, and japonicas of large size and brilliant color, and all the other flowers that make the gardens of this part of the South worth crossing oceans to see.

A Revolutionary fort called Wymberly stood for many years on Wormsloe and is just now being excavated, so that the ground itself is historic. But it is less the history of these places that is impressive than the atmosphere of dignity and charm and grace; there was a rightness about life when they were built for which it is impossible not to feel nostalgia. It was, with whatever

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disadvantages it might have had in the way of human slavery, a period when some people, at least, lived in the midst of beauty, not an Age of Ugliness such as we must call this century. Has there ever been in the history of the world anything more depressingly hideous than the drive through that part of New Jersey that takes one out of New York?

A Savannah Cook Book

SAVANNAH is not any such breeder of writers as its neighboring city of Charleston, but one of its residents has just produced as delightful a cook book as this lover of good eating has seen for a long time. It is *The Savannah Cook Book*, by Harriet Ross Colquitt, with an introduction by Ogden Nash (Farrar and Rinehart, $2), Mr. Nash having spent some of his earlier years in Savannah and writing, therefore, as an authority when he says:

> *Pilgrim's Progress* is a good book, and so, I am told, is Deuteronomy,
> But neither is to be compared with this epic of gastronomy.

Savannah cooking is *sui generis*, and Miss Colquitt has gone to first-hand sources for her recipes. The result is a treasure-trove of good things to eat, with amusing comment to add to the pleasure of having the book around the house. This kind of Southern cooking, which is a mixture of French, Spanish and Negro, and altogether delicious, is not guaranteed to observe all the latest rules of dietetics, but if there is any truth in the observation that food which pleases the senses is easy to digest, the most timid ought not to be afraid of any of Miss Colquitt's suggestions.

The author herself abandoned a newspaper career to run a tea-room, a gesture worthy of emulation, it seems to the Landscaper. He has no doubt at all that so capable a cook was also a first-rate journalist, but there are many people who can write, a few of them well, and so few who can cook. We can always, if hard enough put to it, read old books, but we can not eat old meals. This is all that is to be said about *The Savannah Cook Book*, which will have no detailed review, but it is a volume that should be on the pantry shelves of every American home.

A New York Suburb

SAVANNAH led into Florida, St. Augustine, already mentioned, and Palm Beach and Miami, and places like Fort Lauderdale, which with its miles of winding river will one of these days be a beauty spot of the world. Many of the great houses in Palm Beach are closed, of course — see Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer's recent book *Tropical Winter* for what used to go on in these places and you will shed no tears that they will probably not be opened again soon. Miami's crowded condition has already been mentioned; prices are low and it costs very little to drive down from New York. From Miami, the Landscaper headed for Tampa, taking the famous Tamiami Trail through the Everglades in the late afternoon and praying as the miles spun by that the car would keep going, especially over one forty-mile stretch with not even a filling station, and the road dotted with the bodies of large snakes that had been run over.

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Of economic conditions in the territory covered, there is little to be said that is not already familiar. Richmond has been particularly hard hit, and has had trouble with agitators, but the people of the community are standing up bravely to the hard task they face, doing everything possible to minimize the suffering. Charleston has had less difficulty, and in Savannah the casual reports were that things were better than in almost any city along the coast. In Florida there is a dearth of money, and the surface of any individual situation needs only to be scratched to come upon tragedy, not the tragedy of extreme poverty and hunger, of which there seems to be little enough, but the tragedy of lost savings through bank failures, of young men discouraged through being out of work for months, of lost homes, all the thousand and one calamities that are an inevitable part of what this country has gone through in recent years.

Florida was hardened for the Great Depression of course by what happened after the collapse of the local boom; as an old Negro said: "It sho is too bad the depression had to come right in the middle of the hard times." But the individual's adjustment to a complete change of circumstances is another matter, and the things we have passed through these last few years leave their scars. Historians of the future who hold to the economic slant upon the country's story must have much to say about the hundreds of bank failures particularly, every one leaving its mark upon thousands of human lives. Not even the most patriotic American can fail to feel a sense of shame that the banking system of the country has proved so utterly untrustworthy, and, worse still, that up to the present moment little or nothing has been done to bring about any permanent improvement.

Some Good Books

With so much of life to see and to think about, the Landscaper has taken a vacation from reading, but is able to recommend a few books in addition to those already mentioned. One of his favorite authors, Henry Williamson, has done a remarkable piece of work in *As the Sun Shines* (Dutton, $2.95), a sort of sequel to *The Village Book*, and a combination of all the best qualities of the various sorts of writing this author has been doing for a number of years. In this volume, he has tried very hard, through the medium of an original literary form, to tell the whole story of a small Devonshire village called Ham, of its natural setting and of the people, queer, cantankerous, lovable, that live within its narrow limits. All of what he has seen and felt through long years of residence is set down, and the result is a book that is rich in wisdom and beauty. A style that has always been one of the most admirable in contemporary English writing is here more mature and sure, and the quality of the book is a rich maturity and a deep-rooted humor that should give it an appeal to many readers. Mr. Williamson is an admitted disciple of Jefferies, whose books have gone on delighting many people for a long time, and it is quite likely that *As the Sun Shines* will continue to be read and

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liked years after most of the current literary production has vanished from the mind of man. One has a sense of receiving a blessing in coming in contact with such a book, for there is something in it that stills the inner tumult, swinging life into its proper perspective and making the reader see it as something to be treasured for all its hardships and disappointments. The wisdom is sun-ripened, which means mellowness.

Mr. Lewis's New Book

NOT long ago the promise was made of a later report on Sinclair Lewis's *Ann Vickers* (Doubleday, Doran $2.50). The Landscaper's feelings about the book are divided; like everything Mr. Lewis touches it is full of vigor and zest, and good in spots, but quite bad in others. It is a novel of propaganda in which a modern woman who "lives her own life" is the central figure, a woman who has two children as the result of more or less casual sexual affairs, and remains a heroine. Much is to be found in the book on many modern topics, such as prison reform, and some of the propaganda is properly woven into the story, while a good deal of it remains in undigested lumps. In other words, it is very difficult for this observer to go along with the reviewers who have hailed the book as a classic and a masterpiece and conferred upon it immortality with a careless hand. The work of some men, such as DeFoe, who were primarily journalists, has survived, and so may the work of Lewis, but it is simply stupid to think of him as a literary artist, and it may even be foolish to accept his ideals as the ideals of the present period, although the sort of moral anarchy for which he seems to argue does seem to grow in popularity with the general loss of standards of any sort. This is beginning to sound like a sermon, and who would wish to preach with a grateful Florida sun beating down outside, and a mocking bird singing his best. . . . The sun and mocking birds will outlast Mr. Lewis, anyway.

Anne Green Again

ANNE GREEN'S latest novel, *A Marriage of Convenience* (Dutton, $2) is a return to the mood of this talented writer's earlier books, a gay, light-hearted and entertainingly done story that merits the attention of those who like their fiction intelligent and refreshing at the same time. It is the story of two young lovers at cross-purposes, a theme as old as story-telling, but handled with the fresh originality that is characteristic of this author's work.

A timely study of what is happening to the religion of Spain and of the South American countries amid the revolutions and the social changes that are going on at present is *The Other Spanish Christ* by John A. Mackay (Macmillan, $2). While the book is primarily about South America, Mr. Mackay knows enough to depend upon the mother-country for the ideology of the children, and he has done a thoroughly sound piece of work. Perhaps the Landscaper has already mentioned another good book on South America of recent publication, Philip Guedalla's *Argentine Tango* (Harper). It is deftly and entertainingly written, and while not so wide in

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its scope nor so deep in its penetration as Alan Pryce-Jones's recent *Hot Places* (Knopf), it offers an agreeable combination of amusement and instruction.

There is always a temptation to continue a discussion of literary matters indefinitely, but without seeming to wish to play truant to his job, the Landscaper must admit that he can not longer resist the call of a Gulf beach, for it is like July in New York at this moment, and as Mr. Williamson says, when the sun shines, what else matters?

Soon the journey will be resumed, and there is little telling where it will end. Florida is so full of American gypsies, riding comfortably and even a little smugly along in their completely equipped caravans, the temptation to take up a wanderer's life is almost too hard to resist. The Landscaper just saw a handsome "land yacht" go past his window with a large "For Sale" sign on it; perhaps it has not gone too far to catch. . . .

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